The Tempest.

MIRANDA : "I would the lightning had
Burnt up those logs that you are enjoin'd to pile!"

THE TEMPEST *Act* III *Scene* I

Booklovers Edition

The Tempest

by

William Shakespeare

With Introductions,
Notes, Glossary,
Critical Comments,
and Method of Study

The University Society
New York

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TITLE-PAGE OF FIRST FOLIO

Mr. WILLIAM

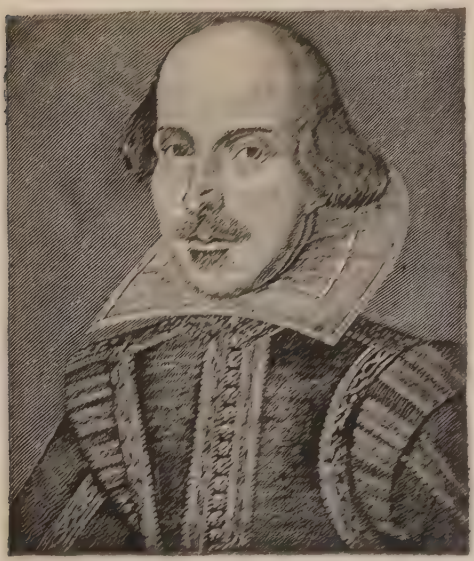
SHAKESPEARES

COMEDIES,

HISTORIES, &

TRAGEDIES.

Published according to the True Originall Copies.



LONDON

Printed by Isaac Iaggard, and Ed. Blount. 1623.

To the Reader

This figure, that thou here seest put,
It was for gentle Shakespeare cut:
Wherein the Graver had a strife
With Nature, to out-doo the life.
O, could he but have drawne his wit
As well in brasse as he hath hit
His face, the print would then surpasse
All that was ever writ in brasse;
But since he cannot, reader, looke
Not on his picture, but his booke.

B. J.

TO THE MOST NOBLE

AND

INCOMPARABLE PAIR OF BRETHREN

WILLIAM

Earl of Pembroke, &c., Lord Chamberlain to the
King's most Excellent Majesty

AND

PHILIP

Earl of Montgomery, &c., Gentleman of his Majesty's
Bed-Chamber. Both Knights of the most Noble
Order of the Garter, and our singular good

LORDS.

Right Honourable,

WHILST we study to be thankful in our particular, for the many favours we have received from your L.L., we are fallen upon the ill fortune, to mingle two the most diverse things that can be, fear, and rashness; rashness in the enterprise, and fear of the success. For, when we value the places your H.H. sustain, we cannot but know their dignity greater, than to descend to the reading of these trifles: and, while we name them trifles, we have deprived ourselves of the defence of our Dedication. But since your L.L. have been pleased to think these trifles something heretofore; and have prosecuted both them, and their Author living, with so much favour: we hope, that (they outliving him, and he not having the fate, common with some, to be executor to his own writings) you will use the like indulgence toward them, you have done unto their parent. There is a great difference, whether any Book choose his Patrons or find them: This hath done both. For, so much were your L.L. likings of the several parts, when they were acted, as before they were published, the Volume asked to be yours. We have but collected them, and done an office to the dead, to procure

his Orphans, Guardians; without ambition either of self-profit, or fame: only to keep the memory of so worthy a Friend, and Fellow alive, as was our SHAKESPEARE, by humble offer of his plays, to your most noble patronage. Wherein, as we have justly observed, no man to come near your L.L. but with a kind of religious address; it hath been the height of our care, who are the Presenters, to make the present worthy of your H.H. by the perfection. But, there we must also crave our abilities to be considered, my Lords. We cannot go beyond our own powers. Country hands reach forth milk, cream, fruits, or what they have: and many Nations (we have heard) that had not gums and incense, obtained their requests with a leavened Cake. It was no fault to approach their Gods, by what means they could: And the most, though meanest, of things are made more precious, when they are dedicated to Temples. In that name, therefore, we most humbly consecrate to your H.H. these remains of your servant, Shakespeare; that what delight is in them, may be ever your L.L. the reputation his, and the faults ours, if any be committed, by a pair so careful to show their gratitude, both to the living, and the dead, as is

Your Lordships' most bounden,

JOHN HEMINGE.
HENRIE CONDELL.

TO THE GREAT VARIETY OF READERS.

FROM the most able, to him that can but spell. There you are numbered. We had rather you were weighed. Especially, when the fate of all Books depends upon your capacities: and not of your heads alone, but of your purses. Well! It is now public, and you will stand for your privileges we know: read, &c., and censure. Do so, but buy it first, that doth best commend a Book, the Stationer says. Then, how odd soever your brains be, or your wisdoms, make your licence the same, and spare not. Judge your

sixpenny worth, your shilling's worth, your five shillings' worth at a time, or higher, so you rise to the just rates, and welcome. But, whatever you do, Buy. Censure will not drive a Trade, or make the Jack go. And though you be a Magistrate of wit, and sit on the stage at *Black-Friars*, or the *Cock-pit*, to arraign Plays daily, know, these Plays have had their trial already, and stood out all Appeals; and do now come forth quitted rather by a Decree of Court, than any purchased Letters of commendation.

It had been a thing, we confess, worthy to have been wished, that the Author himself had lived to have set forth, and overseen his own writings; but since it hath been ordained otherwise, and he by death departed from that right, we pray you do not envy his Friends, the office of their care, and pain, to have collected and published them; and so to have published them; as where (before) you were abused with diverse stolen, and surreptitious copies, maimed, and deformed by the frauds and stealths of injurious imposters, that exposed them: even those, are now offered to your view cured, and perfect of their limbs; and all the rest, absolute in their numbers, as he conceived them. Who, as he was a happy imitator of Nature, was a most gentle expressor of it. His mind and hand went together. And what he thought, he uttered with that easiness, that we have scarce received from him a blot in his papers. But it is not our province, who only gather his works, and give them you, to praise him. It is yours that read him. And there we hope, to your diverse capacities, you will find enough, both to draw, and hold you; for his wit can no more lie hid, than it could be lost. Read him, therefore: and again, and again: and if then you do not like him, surely you are in some manifest danger, not to understand him. And so we leave you to other of his Friends, whom if you need, can be your guides: if you need them not, you can lead yourselves, and others. And such Readers we wish him.

JOHN HEMINGE.
HENRIE CONDELL.

TO THE MEMORY OF MY BELOVED, THE AUTHOR,

MR WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE:

AND

WHAT HE HATH LEFT US.

To draw no envy (Shakespeare) on thy name,
Am I thus ample to thy Book, and Fame:
While I confess thy writings to be such,
As neither Man, nor Muse, can praise too much.
'Tis true, and all men's suffrage. But these ways
Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise:
For silliest Ignorance on these may light,
Which, when it sounds at best, but echoes right;
Or blind Affection, which doth ne'er advance
The truth, but gropes, and urgeth all by chance,
Or crafty malice, might pretend this praise,
And think to ruin, where it seemed to raise.
These are, as some infamous Bawd, or Whore,
Should praise a Matron. What could hurt her more?
But thou art proof against them, and indeed
Above th' ill fortune of them, or the need.

I, therefore will begin. Soul of the Age!
The applause! delight! the wonder of our Stage!
My Shakespeare, rise; I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
A little further, to make thee a room:
Thou art a Monument, without a tomb,
And art alive still, while thy Book doth live,
And we have wits to read, and praise to give.
That I not mix thee so, my brain excuses;
I mean with great, but disproportioned Muses.

For, if I thought my judgment were of years
I should commit thee surely with thy peers,
And tell, how far thou didst our Lily outshine,
Or sporting Kid, or Marlowe's mighty line.
And though thou hadst small Latin, and less Greek,
From thence to honour thee, I would not seek
For names; but call forth thundering Aeschylus,
Euripides, and Sophocles to us,
Paccuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead,
To life again, to hear thy Buskin tread,
And shake a Stage: Or, when thy Socks were on,
Leave thee alone, for the comparison
Of all, that insolent Greece, or haughty Rome
sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.

Triumph, my Britain, thou hast one to show,
To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.
He was not of an age but for all time!
And all the muses still were in their prime,
When like Apollo he came forth to warm
Our ears, or like a mercury to charm!
Nature herself was proud of his designs,
And joyed to wear the dressing of his lines!
Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,
As, since, she will vouchsafe no other Wit.
The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,
Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please;
But antiquated and deserted lie
As they were not of Nature's family.
Yet must I not give Nature all: Thy Art,
My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part.
For though the Poet's matter, Nature be,
His Art doth give the fashion. And, that he,

Who casts to write a living line, must sweat,
(such as thine are) and strike the second heat
Upon the Muses' anvil: turn the same,
(And himself with it) that he thinks to frame,
Or for the laurel, he may gain a scorn,
For a good Poet's made, as well as born.

And such wert thou. Look how the father's face
Lives in his issue, even so, the race
Of Shakespeare's mind, and manners brightly shines
In his well turned and true-filed lines:
In each of which, he seems to shake a Lance,
As brandished at the eyes of Ignorance.
Sweet Swan of Avon! What a sight it were
To see thee in our waters yet appear
And make those flights upon the banks of Thames
That so did take Eliza and our James!
But stay, I see thee in the Hemisphere
Advanced, and made a Constellation there!
Shine forth, thou Star of Poets, and with rage,
Or influence, chide, or cheer the drooping Stage;
Which, since thy flight from hence had mourned like night,
And despairus day, but for thy Volumes' light.

BEN JONSON.

UPON THE LINES AND LIFE OF THE FAMOUS SCENIC POET,

MASTER WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THOSE hands, which you so clapped, go now, and wring
You Britons brave; for done are Shakespeare's days:
His days are done, that made the dainty Plays,
Which made the Globe of heaven and earth to ring.
Dried is that vein, dried is the Thespian Spring,

Turned all to tears, and Phœbus clouds his rays:
That corpse, that coffin now bestick those bays,
Which crowned him Poet first, then Poets' King.
If Tragedies might any Prologue have,
All those he made, would scarce make one to this;
Where Fame, now that he gone is to the grave
(Death's public tiring-house) the Nuncius is.
For though his line of life went soon about.
The life yet of his lines shall never out.

HUGH HOLLAND

TO THE MEMORIE

OF THE DECEASED AUTHOR MASTER

W. SHAKESPEARE.

SHAKESPEARE, at length thy pious fellows give
The world thy Works: thy Works, by which, out-live
Thy Tomb, thy name must when that stone is rent,
And Time dissolves thy Stratford Monument,
Here we alive shall view thee still. This Book,
When Brass and Marble fade, shall make thee look
Fresh to all Ages: when Posterity
Shall loath what's new, think all is prodigy
That is not Shakespeare's; every Line, each Verse
Here shall revive, redeem thee from thy Hearse.
Nor Fire, nor cankering Age, as Naso said,
Of his, thy wit-fraught Book shall once invade.
Nor shall I e'er believe, or think thee dead
(Though missed) until our bankrupt Stage be sped
(Impossible) with some new strain t'out-do
Passions of Juliet, and her Romeo;

Or till I hear a Scene more nobly take,
Than when thy half-Sword parlying Romans spake.
Till these, till any of thy Volumes rest
Shall with more fire, more feeling be exprest,
Be sure, our Shakespeare, thou canst never die,
But crowned with Laurel, live eternally.

L. Digges.

TO THE MEMORY OF M. W. SHAKESPEARE.

We wondered (Shakespeare) that thou went's't so soon
From the World's Stage, to the Grave's tiring room.
We thought thee dead, but this thy printed worth,
Tells thy Spectators, that thou went's't but forth
To enter with applause. An Actor's Art,
Can die, and live, to act a second part.
That's but an Exit of Mortality,
This, a Re-entrance to a Plaudite.

J. M.

THE WORKS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE,

CONTAINING ALL HIS COMEDIES, HISTORIES AND TRAGEDIES: TRULY SET FORTH, ACCORDING TO THEIR FIRST ORIGINAL.

THE NAMES OF THE PRINCIPAL ACTORS IN ALL THESE PLAYS.

William Shakespeare.
Richard Burbadge.
John Hemmings.
Augustine Phillips.
William Kempt.
Thomas Poope.
George Bryan.
Henry Condell.
William Slye.
Richard Cowly.
John Lowine.
Samuell Crosse.
Alexander Cooke.
Samuel Gilburne.
Robert Armin.
William Ostler.
Nathan Field.
John Underwood.
Nicholas Tooley.
William Ecclestone.
Joseph Taylor.
Robert Benfield.
Robert Goughe.
Richard Robinson.
John Shancke.
John Rice.

A CATALOGUE OF THE SEVERAL COMEDIES, HISTORIES, AND TRAGEDIES CONTAINED IN THIS VOLUME.

COMEDIES.

The Tempest.
The Two Gentlemen of Verona.
The Merry Wives of Windsor.
Measure for Measure.
The Comedy of Errors.
Much Ado about Nothing.
Love's Labour's Lost.
Midsummer Night's Dream.
The Merchant of Venice.
As You Like it.
The Taming of the Shrew.
All's well that End's well.
Twelfth Night, or What You Will.
The Winter's Tale.

HISTORIES.

The Life and Death of King John.
The Life and Death of Richard the Second.
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.
The Second Part of King Henry the Fourth.
The Life of King Henry the Fifth.
The First Part of King Henry the Sixth.
The Second Part of King Henry the Sixth.
The Third Part of King Henry the Sixth.
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

TRAGEDIES.

The Tragedy of Coriolanus.
Titus Andronicus.
Romeo and Juliet.
Timon of Athens.
The Life and Death of Julius Cæsar.
The Tragedy of Macbeth.
The Tragedy of Hamlet.
King Lear.
Othello, The Moor of Venice.
Anthony and Cleopatra.
Cymbeline, King of Britain.

THE TEMPEST.

Preface.

The First Edition. *The Tempest* first appeared in the Folio of 1623, where it occupies pp. 1-19; no reference has been found to any earlier edition.

The position of the play in the First Folio may perhaps be regarded as evidence of its contemporary popularity; or, it may have been merely due to 'a happy, if perhaps unconscious, intuition' on the part of the editors.

'It is a mimic, magic tempest which we are to see; a tempest raised by Art, to work moral ends with actual men and women, and then to sink into a calm. And in such a storm and calm we have the very idea of a Play or Drama, the fitting specimen and frontispiece of the whole volume of plays before us.'*

With the exception of *The Comedy of Errors*, *The Tempest* is the shortest of Shakespeare's plays; certain critics have held that the text was abridged for acting purposes; others refer its brevity to the unusual amount of stage-machinery introduced, or to the necessities of Court representation.

The *Epilogue* to the play, as in the case of *2 Henry IV.* and *Henry VIII.*, is evidently by some other hand than Shakespeare's.

Some scholars hold the same opinion concerning the *Masque* in Act IV. Shakespeare may well have introduced it in compliance with the fashion of the time; it is obviously intended to celebrate some contemporary marriage. One must bear in mind the fondness for this

* Sir E. Strachey, *Quarterly Review*, July, 1890, p. 116.

species of poetical pageantry during the reign of James I. (*cp.* Ben Jonson's *Masque*).

Date of Composition. No positive evidence exists for the Date of Composition of *The Tempest*; the probabilities are in favour of 1610-12.

The superior limit may be fixed at 1603; the speech of Gonzalo, describing his ideal Commonwealth (II. i. 147, etc.), was certainly derived from a passage in Florio's translation of Montaigne's 'Essays,' first published in that year.* The passage in question occurs in Book I., Chapter xxx., 'Of the Caniballes' (*cp.* Temple Classics, Vol. i.).

The play obviously connects itself with current stories of colonisation and adventures of English seamen. There is probably direct allusion to the wreck of Sir George Somers' ship, the *Sea Venture*, in July, 1609; an interesting account, which Shakespeare seems to have read—one of at least five accounts—was published in the following year, written by Sylvester Jourdain, entitled '*A discovery of the Barmudas, otherwise called the Ile of Divels: by Sir Thomas Gates, Sir George Sommers, and Captayne Newport, and divers others*' (*cp.* Prospero's command to Ariel 'to fetch dew from the still-vexed Bermoothes').

Soon after, in 1612, a fuller account was published, written by William Strachey; this tract illustrates the play in so many striking details that a strong case may be made for Shakespeare's use of it.†

* The authenticity of Shakespeare's autograph in the British Museum copy of Florio's Montaigne is now doubted.

† *Cp.* The Rev. W. G. Gosling's valuable articles contributed to *Literature*, April 8, 15, June 3, 1899. If Shakespeare actually used the *printed* tract, the date of the play would be subsequent to 1612; I note that Strachey returned to England at the close of 1611: he wrote from his lodging in the Blacke Friars. There are possibilities that Shakespeare read the MS. The problem, resting on date of publication, is somewhat complicated.

Ben Jonson seems to allude to *The Tempest* in the Introduction to his '*Bartholomew Fair*' (1612-14).—'If there be never a *Servant-monster* i' the *Fayre*, who can help it, he sayes; nor a nest of *Antiques?* Hee is loth to make nature afraid in his *Playes*, like those that beget *Tales, Tempests*, and such like *Drolleries!*'

The Tempest, among other plays, was acted at Court in the beginning of the year 1613, before Prince Charles, the Lady Elizabeth, and the Prince Palatine Elector, whence some scholars have inferred that it was specially composed for the marriage of the two latter royal personages, and have detected in Prospero a striking resemblance to King James.

Various futile attempts have been made to place *The Tempest* among Shakespeare's early plays, but, apart from the evidence adduced above, metrical tests and general considerations of style make an early date impossible.

The Sources. *The Tempest* was in all probability founded on some older play, but as yet its source has not been discovered.

An old German Comedy, called *The Fair Sidea*, by Jacob Ayrer, a notary of Nurnberg, who died in 1605, is perhaps a German version of Shakespeare's original; its plot bears a striking resemblance to that of *The Tempest*. Ayrer's productions were in many cases mere adaptations or translations of English plays brought to Germany at the beginning of the seventeenth century or previously by strolling players, 'The English Comedians,' as they called themselves (*cp.* Cohn's Shakespeare in Germany, Preface, and pp. 1-75).

'*The Discovery of the Barmudas*' has been already alluded to above.

In Eden's *History of Travayle*, 1577 (p. 252, Arber's Reprint), Shakespeare probably found 'Setebos' (Act I. sc. 2, l. 437); from the same work he possibly derived

the names Alonso, Ferdinand, Sebastian, Gonzalo (for Gonzales), and other details.

In dealing with the Date of Composition reference has been made to Shakespeare's indebtedness to Montaigne; similarly, Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, vii. 197-206, as translated by Golding, probably suggested Prospero's Invocation, Act. V. 1, 33, *sq.*

The name 'Ariel,' though glossed by Shakespeare as 'an ayrie Spirit,' is of Hebraistic origin, and was no doubt derived from some such treatise as Heywood's '*Hierarchie of the Blessed Angels*':—

> '. . . . . The earth's great lord
> Ariel. The Hebrew Rabbins thus accord.'

Caliban. 'Caliban' is most probably a contemporary variant of 'Canibal,' which is itself merely another form of 'Caribal,' *i.e.* 'Caribbean.' There seems to be no particular difficulty in this derivation of the name, yet several scholars have rejected it. 'To me,' observes Mr. Furness, 'it is unsatisfactory. There should be, I think, something in the description of cannibals, either of their features or of their natures, to indicate some sort of fellowship with a monster like Caliban. No such description has been pointed out.' This seems hardly enough to negative so plausible a theory as to the origin of the name.

A large number of critics have dealt with this creation of Shakespeare's; a valuable summary of the more important criticisms is to be found in the 'Variorum' edition of the play. Three studies call for special mention:—(1) *Caliban: The Missing Link:* by Daniel Wilson: (2) Renan's philosophical drama, entitled *Caliban*; (3) Browning's *Caliban upon Setebos; or, Natural Theology in the Island.*

The Scene of Action. '*The Scene, an uninhabited Island*'; the claim of the Bermudas is now generally admitted as the original scene of Prospero's magic.

Shakespeare refers to 'the still-vexed Bermoothes,' and the local colour and details seem to be derived from the tracts referred to above, or perhaps (as Mr. Rudyard Kipling has recently elaborated the idea) from the description given by one of the mariners, 'with the wealth of detail peculiar to sailors,' prepared to answer questions 'for unlimited sack.' 'Much, doubtless, he discarded, but so closely did he keep to his original informations that those who go to-day to a certain beach some two miles from Hamilton, will find the stage set for Act. II. scene 2 of *The Tempest*—a bare beach, with the wind singing through the scrub at the land's edge, a gap in the reef,' *etc.**

Duration of Action. The 'Time-Analysis' of *The Tempest* brings out very clearly the fact that in this play Shakespeare has adhered strictly to the Unity of Time; the whole action of the play lasts from three to four hours; *cp.* Act I., 2, 239-240; Act V., 1, 5; *ibid.* l. 136-137, 186, 223.

It is alleged that a sailor's 'glass' was a *half-hour* glass, and that Shakespeare was guilty of a technical error in using it in the sense of 'an *hour* glass.' The error was no doubt intentional.

The Music. There is good reason to believe that *Wilson's Cheerful Ayres or Ballads, Oxford,* 1660, has preserved for us the original music of two of the songs of *The Tempest*—viz., 'Full fathoms five,' and 'Where the Bee sucks'; the composer was R. Johnson, who in

* *Cp. Spectator,* June 2, 1898. Mr. Gosling, however, maintains that Mr. Kipling's 'vivid imagination has led him astray when he thinks he has discovered the scene of the shipwreck in a cove about two miles from Hamilton. . . . The actual scene of the shipwreck and landfall of Sir George Somers are known beyond doubt. The rocks on which Sir George Somers' ship, the *Sea Venture,* was wrecked, lie off St. George's, about twelve miles from Hamilton,' *etc.*

1610 wrote the music for Middleton's *Witch*, and in 1611 was in the service of Prince Henry (*cp.* Grove's *Dictionary of Music*, Variorum *Tempest*, pp. 352-353, and Naylor's *Shakespeare and Music*, Dent, 1896).

Later Verses. In 1669 appeared Dryden and Davenant's version of *The Tempest; or the enchanted Isle.* According to Dryden, Davenant designed the 'Counterpart to Shakespeare's plot, namely that of a man who had never seen a woman.' 'Than this version,' observes Mr. Furness, 'there is, I think, in the realm of literature, no more flagrant existence of *lese-majesty*' (*cp.* Variorum *Tempest*, pp. 389-449). In 1797 F. G. Waldron published *The Virgin Queen*, 'attempted as a sequel to Shakespeare's *Tempest.*'

Critical Comments.

I.

Argument.

I. A tempest-tossed vessel is wrecked upon the shores of an enchanted isle whereon dwell Prospero and his daughter, Miranda, alone save for the presence of Caliban, a deformed and brutish slave. During the storm Prospero tells his daughter of his past life: Formerly he had been Duke of Milan, but had been supplanted by his brother Antonio, with the aid of Alonso, King of Naples, who desired thereby to render Milan tributary to his kingdom. The conspirators had not dared to kill Prospero outright, but had contented themselves with setting him and his daughter, then three years old, adrift in a crazy boat upon the open sea. They would have perished miserably but for a humane Neapolitan named Gonzalo, who provisioned their craft, and thus enabled them to reach the island which they made their home. For twelve years they had quietly dwelt there—a period spent profitably by Prospero in the education of his daughter and in his own study of works on magic. Prospero ends his story by telling Miranda that a strange chance has sent all of his enemies to him in the ship which they have seen wrecked in the tempest raised by his art. Ariel, the chief of his spirits, now appears and reports that all the passengers have been brought safely to land. Ferdinand, the King's son, becomes separated from the rest, and they suppose him lost. Prospero leads him to his cell, where the prince and Miranda become mutually enamoured.

II. Alonso, Sebastian (his brother), Antonio, Gonzalo, and other victims of the shipwreck roam the island until all but Sebastian and Antonio are put to sleep by the invisible Ariel through the agency of gentle music. Sebastian and Antonio now plot to murder the King. Ariel frustrates their plans. In another part of the island two others of the company, Stephano and Trinculo, discover Caliban.

III. The three last named plot to despatch Caliban's master, Prospero, and seize upon the island for themselves. The King and his company meanwhile wander about oppressed by weariness, hunger, and mental aberration. Ariel tantalizes them with the vision of a spectral banquet. At his cell Prospero sets Ferdinand to the task of carrying and piling logs, in order, as later develops, to test the prince's affection for Miranda, who, on her part, entreats Ferdinand to let her share in his arduous labors.

IV. Ferdinand undergoes the trial worthily, and Prospero bestows his daughter's hand upon him, and entertains the lovers with a glimpse into the land of spirits. The entertainment is interrupted by Prospero, who, suddenly recollecting the conspiracy of Caliban and his confederates, calls Ariel, and prepares to frustrate them. The conspirators meet with severe punishment at the hands of Prospero and Ariel, who set upon them "divers spirits in the shape of dogs and hounds."

V. The King and his company are brought by Ariel before Prospero, who is moved to be merciful because of their sufferings. He reveals his identity to them. The King begs of him pardon for the wrongs he has done him, and restores to him his dukedom. Prospero brings forward Ferdinand and Miranda, whose troth is ratified by Alonso. Prospero abjures the mystic art, and with the King and his train proceeds to Naples, by means of the magically preserved ship, to solemnize the nuptials of the lovers.

McSpadden: *Shakespearian Synopses.*

II.

"A Birth of the Imagination."

The Tempest is a specimen of the purely romantic drama, in which the interest is not historical, or dependent upon fidelity of portraiture, or the natural connection of events; but is a birth of the imagination, and rests only on the coaptation and union of the elements granted to, or assumed by, the poet. It is a species of drama which owes no allegiance to time or space, and in which, therefore, errors of chronology and geography —no mortal sins in any species—are venial faults, and count for nothing. It addresses itself entirely to the imaginative faculty; and although the illusion may be assisted by the effect on the senses of the complicated scenery and decorations of modern times, yet this sort of assistance is dangerous. For the principal and only genuine excitement ought to come from within—from the moved and sympathetic imagination; whereas, where so much is addressed to the mere external senses of seeing and hearing, the spiritual vision is apt to languish, and the attraction from without will withdraw the mind from the proper and only legitimate interest which is intended to spring from within. . . . . In this play are admirably sketched the vices generally accompanying a low degree of civilization; and in the first scene of the second act Shakespeare has, as in many other places, shown the tendency in bad men to indulge in scorn and contemptuous expressions, as a mode of getting rid of their own uneasy feelings of inferiority to the good, and also, by making the good ridiculous, of rendering the transition of others to wickedness easy. Shakespeare never puts habitual scorn into the mouths of other than bad men, as here in the instance of Antonio and Sebastian. The scene of the intended assassination of Alonso and Gonzalo is an

exact counterpart of the scene between Macbeth and his lady, only pitched in a lower key throughout, as designed to be frustrated or concealed, and exhibiting the same profound management in the manner of familiarizing a mind not immediately recipient to the suggestion of guilt, by associating the proposed crime with something ludicrous or out of place—something not habitually matter of reverence. By this kind of sophistry the imagination and fancy are first bribed to contemplate the suggested act, and at length to become acquainted with it. Observe how the effect of this scene is heightened by contrast of another counterpart of it in low life —that between the conspirators, Stephano, Caliban, and Trinculo, in the second scene of the third act, in which there are the same essential characteristics.

In this play, and in this scene of it, are also shown the springs of the vulgar in politics—of that kind of politics which is inwoven with human nature. In his treatment of this subject, wherever it occurs, Shakespeare is quite peculiar. In other writers we find the particular opinions of the individual; . . . but Shakespeare never promulgates any party tenets. He is always the philosopher and the moralist, but, at the same time, with a profound veneration for all the established institutions of society, and for those classes which form the permanent elements of the state—especially never introducing a professional character, as such, otherwise than as respectable. If he must have any name, he should be styled a philosophical aristocrat, delighting in those hereditary institutions which have a tendency to bind one age to another, and in that distinction of ranks of which, although few may be in possession, all enjoy the advantages. Hence, again, you will observe the good nature with which he seems always to make sport with the passions and follies of a mob, as with an irrational animal. He is never angry with it, but hugely content with holding up its absurdities to its face; and sometimes you may trace a tone of almost af-

fectionate superiority, something like that in which a father speaks of the rogueries of a child.

COLERIDGE: *Notes and Lectures upon Shakespeare.*

III.

Prospero.

Tried by suffering, Prospero proves its strengthening qualities. Far from succumbing to the blow, it is not until it has fallen that he displays his true, far-reaching, and terrible power, and becomes the great irresistible magician which Shakespeare himself had so long been. His power is not understood by his daughter, who is but a child, but it is felt by his enemies. He plays with them as he pleases, compels them to repent their past treatment of him, and then pardons them with a calmness of superiority to which Timon could never have attained, but which is far from being that all-obliterating tenderness with which Imogen and Hermione forgive remorseful sinners.

There is less of charity towards the offenders in Prospero's absolution than that element of contempt which has so long and so exclusively filled Shakespeare's soul. His forgiveness, the oblivion of a scornful indifference, is not so much that of the strong man who knows his power to crush if need be, as that of the wisdom which is no longer affected by outward circumstance.

Richard Garnett aptly observes, in his critical introduction to the play in the "Irving Edition," that Prospero finds it easy to forgive because, in his secret soul, he sets very little value on the dukedom he has lost, and is, therefore, roused to very little indignation by the treachery which deprived him of it. His daughter's happiness is the sole thing which greatly interests him now, and he carries his indifference to worldly matters so far that, without any outward compulsion, he breaks his magic wand and casts his books into the sea. Resu-

ming his place among the ranks of ordinary men, he retains nothing but his inalienable treasure of experience and reflection. I quote the following passage from Garnett on account of its remarkable correspondence with the general conception of Shakespeare's development set forth in this book.

"That this Quixotic height of magnanimity should not surprise, that it should seem quite in keeping with the character, proves how deeply this character has been drawn from Shakespeare's own nature. Prospero is not Shakespeare, but the play is in a certain measure autobiographical. . . . It shows us more than anything else what the discipline of life had made of Shakespeare at fifty—a fruit too fully matured to be suffered to hang much longer on the tree. Conscious superiority untinged by arrogance, genial scorn for the mean and base, mercifulness into which contempt entered very largely, serenity excluding passionate affection while admitting tenderness, intellect overtopping morality but in no way blighting or perverting it—such are the mental features of him in whose development the man of the world kept pace with the poet, and who now shone as the consummate perfection of both."

In other words, it is Shakespeare's own nature which overflows into Prospero, and thus the magician represents not merely the noble-minded great man, but the genius, imaginatively delineated, not, as in *Hamlet*, psychologically analysed. Audibly and visibly does Prospero's genius manifest itself, visible and audible also the inward and outward opposition he combats.

The two figures in which this spiritual power and this resistance are embodied are the most admirable productions of an artist's powers in this or any other age. Ariel is a supernatural, Caliban a bestially natural being, and both have been endowed with a human soul. They were not seen, but created.

Prospero is the master-mind, the man of the future, as shown by his control over the forces of Nature. He

passes as a magician, and Shakespeare found his prototype, as far as external accessories were concerned, in a scholar of mark and man of high principles, Dr Dee, who died in 1607. This Dr. Dee believed himself possessed of powers to conjure up spirits, good and bad, and on this account enjoyed a great reputation in his day. A man owning even a small share of the scientific knowledge of our times would inevitably have been regarded as a powerful magician at that date. In the creation of Prospero, therefore, Shakespeare unconsciously anticipated the results of time. He not merely gave him a magic wand, but created a poetical embodiment of the forces of Nature as his attendant spirit.

BRANDES: *William Shakespeare.*

Prospero, duke of Milan, who had been deposed by his brother and the king of Naples, "an enemy inveterate" (Act I. ii.), and exposed at sea in an open boat, raises by his power of enchantment, a violent tempest, and causes his enemies, who are on their return from Africa, to be cast ashore on the island, where for many years he has found refuge with his daughter. By wise and prompt direction of the agency of spirits, over whom his knowledge has given him command, he improves the opportunity to strike the King of Naples with remorse, to convert him from an enemy into an ally, to bring about the marriage of his own daughter with his son, regain his right in an independent dukedom, and take noble revenge for the treachery of his brother. The supernatural aids at the command of Prospero give occasion for highly picturesque incident, but his success, and the interest of the play, are not less due to the discretion, self command, and vigour, which he displays in availing himself of them. Such qualities might appear inconsistent with his original loss of position, but this is explained by his misfortune being ascribed to his neglect of the active virtues for the sake

of knowledge; and it is the very pith and marrow of the argument and conduct of the play, to show what are the exercises and what are the impulses by which in a noble nature such a want of balance may be corrected, and how when studious and administrative energy and moral purpose at last work together in harmony, the coarser, ruder, and baser talents of mere men of the world, are weak as the ways of children.

LLOYD: *Critical Essays on the Plays of Shakespeare.*

IV.

Miranda.

We might have deemed it impossible to go beyond Viola, Perdita, and Ophelia as pictures of feminine beauty; to exceed the one in tender delicacy, the other in ideal grace, and the last in simplicity, if Shakespeare had not done this; and he alone could have done it. Had he never created a Miranda, we should never have been made to feel how completely the purely natural and the purely ideal can blend into each other.

The character of Miranda resolves itself into the very elements of womanhood. She is beautiful, modest, and tender, and she is these only; they comprise her whole being, external and internal. She is so perfectly unsophisticated, so delicately refined, that she is all but ethereal. Let us imagine any other woman placed beside Miranda—even one of Shakespeare's own loveliest and sweetest creations—there is not one of them that could sustain the comparison for a moment; not one that would not appear somewhat coarse or artificial when brought into immediate contact with this pure child of nature, this "Eve of an enchanted Paradise."

What, then, has Shakespeare done?—"O wondrous skill and sweet wit of the man!"—he has removed Miranda far from all comparison with her own sex; he

has placed her between the demi-demon of earth and the delicate spirit of air. The next step is into the ideal and supernatural; and the only being who approaches Miranda, with whom she can be contrasted, is Ariel. Beside the subtle essence of this ethereal sprite, this creature of elemental light and air, that "ran upon the winds, rode the curl'd clouds, and in the colors of the rainbow lived," Miranda herself appears a palpable reality, a woman, "breathing thoughtful breath," a woman, walking the earth in her mortal loveliness, with a heart as frail-strung, as passion-touched, as ever fluttered in a female bosom.

I have said that Miranda possesses merely the elementary attributes of womanhood, but each of these stands in her with a distinct and peculiar grace. She resembles nothing upon earth; but do we therefore compare her, in our own minds, with any of those fabled beings with which the fancy of ancient poets peopled the forest depths, the fountain or the ocean—oread or dryad fleet, sea-maid, or naiad of the stream? We cannot think of them together. Miranda is a consistent, natural human being. Our impression of her nymph-like beauty, her peerless grace, and purity of soul, has a distinct and individual character. Not only is she exquisitely lovely, being what she is, but we are made to feel that she *could* not possibly be otherwise than as she is portrayed. She has never beheld one of her own sex; she has never caught from society one imitated or artificial grace. The impulses which have come to her, in her enchanted solitude, are of heaven and nature, not of the world and its vanities. She has sprung up into beauty beneath the eye of her father, the princely magician; her companions have been the rocks and woods, the many-shaped, many-tinted clouds, and the silent stars; her playmates the ocean billows, that stooped their foamy crests, and ran rippling to kiss her feet. Ariel and his attendant sprites hovered over her head, ministered duteous to her every wish, and presented be-

fore her pageants of beauty and grandeur. The very air, made vocal by her father's art, floated in music around her. If we can presuppose such a situation with all its circumstances, do we not behold in the character of Miranda not only the credible, but the natural, the necessary results of such a situation? She retains her woman's heart, for that is unalterable and inalienable, as a part of her being; but her deportment, her looks, her language, her thoughts—all these, from the supernatural and poetical circumstances around her, assume a cast of the pure ideal; and to us, who are in the secret of her human and pitying nature, nothing can be more charming and consistent than the effect which she produces upon others, who never having beheld anything resembling her, approach her as "a wonder," as something celestial:—

> "What is this maid?
> Is she the goddess who hath severed us,
> And brought us thus together?"

Contrasted with the impression of her refined and dignified beauty, and its effect on all beholders, is Miranda's own soft simplicity, her virgin innocence, her total ignorance of the conventional forms and language of society. It is most natural that in a being thus constituted, the first tears should spring from compassion, "suffering with those that she saw suffer"; . . . and that her first sigh should be offered to a love at once fearless and submissive, delicate and fond. She has no taught scruples of honor like Juliet; no coy concealments like Viola; no assumed dignity standing in its own defence. Her bashfulness is less a quantity than an instinct; it is like the self-folding of a flower, spontaneous and unconscious. I suppose there is nothing of the kind in poetry equal to the scene between Ferdinand and Miranda. In Ferdinand, who is a noble creature, we have all the chivalrous magnanimity with which man, in a high state of civilization, disguises his

real superiority, and does humble homage to the being of whose destiny he disposes; while Miranda, the mere child of nature, is struck with wonder at her own new emotions. Only conscious of her own weakness as a woman, and ignorant of those usages of society which teach us to dissemble the real passion, and assume (and sometimes abuse) an unreal and transient power, she is equally ready to place her life, her love, her service beneath his feet.

MRS. JAMESON: *Characteristics of Women.*

V.

Caliban.

The character of Caliban is generally thought (and justly so) to be one of the author's masterpieces. It is not indeed pleasant to see this character on the stage, any more than it is to see the god Pan personated there. But in itself it is one of the wildest and most abstracted of all Shakespear's characters, whose deformity, whether of body or mind, is redeemed by the power and truth of the imagination displayed in it. It is the essence of grossness, but there is not a particle of vulgarity in it. Shakespear has described the brutal mind of Caliban in contact with the pure and original forms of nature; the character grows out of the soil where it is rooted, uncontrolled, uncouth, and wild, uncramped by any of the meannesses of custom. It is " of the earth, earthy." It seems almost to have been dug out of the ground, with a soul instinctively superadded to it answering to its wants and origin. Vulgarity is not natural coarseness, but conventional coarseness, learned from others, contrary to, or without an entire conformity of natural power and disposition; as fashion is the commonplace affectation of what is elegant and refined without any feeling of the essence of it. Schlegel, the

admirable German critic of Shakespear, observes that Caliban is a poetical character, and "always speaks in blank verse."

HAZLITT: *Characters of Shakespear's Plays.*

Opposed to him [Prospero] and at the extreme limit of the contrast, stands Caliban, the climax of wickedness and brutality, the very personification of the evil Will. He is only momentarily tamed by outward constraint and inward powerlessness; his will remains evil, and in him we have a proof of the irrefutable truth that evil, even though, by its own acts, it invariably annihilates itself and serves the purposes of what is good, still evil as Will cannot become converted either by any affliction or punishment, or by the clearest conviction of its helplessness. This seems to me to be the meaning, the poetical, because ethical, significance of this most strange of all the creatures ever formed by the poetical imagination—a creature in whom devil, animal and man, are equally blended, and who, in spite of his wholly fantastic abnormity, rises up before us with the vividness of actual reality. Caliban is no mere creation of a passing poetic fancy, no chance addition to the substance of the drama; for although he may have originated in Shakspeare's imagination from the fantastic and wondrous reports about the wild inhabitants (the cannibals) of the newly discovered continents, and although grotesquely formed and humorously exaggerated—so as to suit the fantastico-comic colouring of the whole—still he is a necessary member in the artistic organism of the piece. And as Prospero's mind is evidently one of more than ordinary endowments, and, like every historical leader of men, represents the higher idea of what is general, so Caliban, his organic opposite, is likewise no mere individual, but also the representative of what is general, the personified idea of human wickedness; in

him, in his defiance and arrogance and his blind, coarse sensuality, the demoniacal meets the brutal.

ULRICI: *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

Caliban has become a by-word as the strange creation of a poetical imagination. A mixture of gnome and savage, half dæmon, half brute, in his behaviour we perceive at once the traces of his native disposition, and the influence of Prospero's education. The latter could only unfold his understanding, without, in the slightest degree, taming his rooted malignity: it is as if the use of reason and human speech were communicated to an awkward ape. In inclination Caliban is malicious, cowardly, false, and base; and yet he is essentially different from the vulgar knaves of a civilized world, as portrayed occasionally by Shakspeare. He is rude, but not vulgar; he never falls into the prosaic and low familiarity of his drunken associates, for he is, in his way, a poetical being; he always speaks in verse. He has picked up everything dissonant and thorny in language to compose out of it a vocabulary of his own; and of the whole variety of nature, the hateful, repulsive, and pettily deformed have alone been impressed on his imagination. The magical world of spirits, which the staff of Prospero has assembled on the island, casts merely a faint reflection into his mind, as a ray of light which falls into a dark cave, incapable of communicating to it either heat or illumination, serves merely to set in motion the poisonous vapors. The delineation of this monster is throughout inconceivably consistent and profound, and, notwithstanding its hatefulness, by no means hurtful to our feelings, as the honour of human nature is left untouched.

SCHLEGEL: *Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature.*

VI.

Ariel.

Shakespeare has made Ariel an Elemental Being of the higher order, identified with the upward-tending elements of Air and Fire, and with the higher nature of man; and he has made Caliban an Elemental Being of the lower order, identified with the downward-tending elements of Earth and Water, and the lower nature of man.

The identification is too detailed to be fanciful. The very name of Ariel is borrowed from air, and he is directly addressed: 'Thou, which art but air.' The identification with fire is not less complete: when describing the lightning Ariel does not say that he *set* the ship a-fire, but that the ship was 'all a-fire *with me*':—

> Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
> *I* flamed amazement: sometime *I*'ld divide
> And burn in many places.

We can see in him just the qualities of air and fire. He is invisible, but, like the lightning, can take shape as he acts. Like air and fire he can penetrate everywhere, treading the ooze of the salt deep, running upon the sharp wings of the north, doing business in the veins of earth when it is baked with frost. His natural speech is music, or waves of air. His ideas are the ideas associated with the atmosphere—liberty and omnipresence: to be 'free as mountain winds,' to fly on the bat's back merrily, couch in the cowslip's bell, live under the blossom that hangs on the bough. Like the atmosphere he *reflects* human emotions without feeling them.

> *Ariel.* If you now behold them, your affections
> Would become tender.
> *Prospero.* Dost thou think so, spirit?
> *Ariel.* Mine would, sir, were I human.

The analogy extends to character. Even a character can be found for the atmosphere: in place of our motive and passion it substitutes *caprice*—'the wind bloweth where it listeth.' So Ariel is 'moody,' or full of moods: and one of the most difficult incidents of the play—the quarrel between Prospero and Ariel—takes coherency, if we see in it Prospero governing this incarnation of caprice *by outcapricing him*; there is an absence of moral seriousness throughout, and a curious irony, by which Prospero, under the guise of invective, is bringing out Ariel's brave endurance and delicate refinement, and in the form of threats gives his rebellious subject more than he had asked for. Finally, a single passage is sufficient to connect Ariel with the upward tendencies of human nature. We hear the reason of his cruel sufferings at the hands of Sycorax.

> For thou wast a spirit too delicate
> To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,
> Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,
> By help of her more potent ministers,
> And in her most unmitigable rage,
> Into a cloven pine.

Nothing could more clearly paint the instincts of light oppressed by the power of darkness until the deliverer comes.

MOULTON: *Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist.*

VII.

Sebastian and Antonio.

In the delineation of Antonio and Sebastian, short as it is, there is a volume of wise science. . . . Nor is there less of sagacity in the means whereby Prospero seeks to make them better, provoking in them the purpose and taking away the performance of crime,

that so he may bring them to a knowledge of themselves, and awe or shame down their evil by his demonstrations of good. For such is the proper effect of bad designs thus thwarted, showing the authors at once the wickedness of their hearts and the weakness of their hands; whereas, if successful in their plans, pride of power would forestall and prevent the natural shame and remorse of guilt. And we little know what evil it lieth and lurketh in our hearts to will or to do, until occasion permits or invites; and Prospero's art here stands in presenting the occasion until the wicked purpose is formed, and then removing it as soon as the hand is raised. It is noticeable that in the case of Antonio and Sebastian the workings of magic are so mixed up with those of nature that we cannot distinguish them: or rather, Prospero here causes the supernatural to pursue the methods of nature; thus, like the Poet himself, so concealing his art while using it that the result seems to spring from their own minds.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

VIII.

Interpretations.

In power of pervading local realization, *The Tempest* is equal to any of Shakespeare's dramas—*Midsummer-Night's Dream, As You Like It,* that are most admirable for this poetic achievement. The storm, in the first scene on ship board, and the news from the ship tight and yare in the harbour, and the glimpse of the becalmed fleet, in the last, make the intermediate scenes to be rounded by circled waves; and throughout we seem, as we read, from time to time to hear them beating on the shingly beach, and to catch glimpses of the tranquil sea line in the offing. The air takes its character from the visitants and their doings—it lulls or excites with floating airs; it is drowsy,

or breathes balm and refreshment; and murky with lightning, and heavy with dropping storm, around the ways of monster and fuddled mariner; while constant sunshine is round the path of Miranda and over the cell of Prospero. The masque of Ceres and Juno, with scenery and airy population of tilth and harvest, most beautifully relieves the scene of the bare and desert isle. . . .

The Tempest may be studied with advantage, in comparison with two plays, united by extensively involving a fantastic mythology, but otherwise of most absolute antithesis, *Midsummer-Night's Dream* and *Macbeth. The Tempest,* despite the greater proximity of Ariel to Oberon than to Hecate, is quite as widely separated from the *Midsummer-Night's Dream* by the gravity of tone with which it is so largely pervaded, as it is from *Macbeth* by the specific distinctions of Tragedy and Comedy; while, as the story of a throne lost and regained, of traitorous kindred, abused confidence, requited usurpation, *The Tempest* is so replete with " arguments of state," and leads thought so deep and wide into the theory and responsibilities of government, and the conditions of civil society, that it seems in this aspect more cognate to *Macbeth* than to the *Midsummer-Night's Dream.* The supernatural scheme, with its lyrical expression, in each of the three plays, has an individuality and consistency that are themes of critical exposition inexhaustible—but, in truth, no less unnecessary, when to read the plays is to feel the spirit of their characteristics with a vividness no criticism within present reach is likely to enhance.

The Tempest takes its place among the finished plays of the poet, and, therefore, like its peers, is characterized by complete and harmonious proportion of parts, by every scene and every character being organically complete, animated with appropriate and sustained spirit and wrought to the same degree of correctness, and that the highest: and by the general result of realizing the perception, that the original germ, vigorous and healthy in its nature and excellent in power, has expanded without let

or distortion and by all favourable tending and under all consenting influences, to the utmost and most admirable perfection.

LLOYD: *Critical Essays on the Plays of Shakespeare.*

There is little in Homer that is not true to nature, but there is no phase of nature that is not in Shakespeare. Analyze the components of a Shakespearian play, and you will see that I make no overstatement. *The Tempest,* a romantic play, is as notable as any for poetic quality and varied conception. It takes elemental nature for its scenes and background, the unbarred sky, the sea in storm and calm, the enchanted flowery isle, so

> "full of noises,
> Sounds and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not."

The personages comprise many types,—king, noble, sage, low-born sailor, boisterous vagabond, youth and maiden in the heyday of their innocent love. To them are superadded beings of the earth and air, Caliban and Ariel, creations of the purest imagination. All these reveal their natures by speech and action, with a realism impossible to the tamer method of a narrative poem. Consider the poetic thought and diction: what can excel Prospero's vision of the world's dissolution that shall leave "not a rack behind," or his stately abjuration of the magic art? Listen, here and there, to the songs of his tricksy spirit, his brave chick, Ariel: "Come unto these yellow sands," "Full fathom five thy father lies," "Where the bee sucks, there suck I." Then we have a play within a play, lightening and decorating it, the masque of Iris, Ceres, and Juno. I recapitulate these details to give a perfectly familiar illustration of the scope of the drama. True, this was Shakespeare, but the ideal should be studied in a masterpiece; and such a play as *The Tempest* shows the possibilities of inven-

tion and imagination in the most synthetic poetic form over which genius has extended its domain.

STEDMAN: *The Nature and Elements of Poetry.*

The splendour of sunset in *The Tempest* can escape no one, and the sternest opponent of guesswork must admit the probable presence of a designed allegory in the figure of Prospero and the burying of the book, the breaking of the staff, at the close. Even if this be thought too fanciful, nowhere has Shakespeare been more prodigal of every species of his enchantment. The exquisite but contrasted grace of Miranda and Ariel, the wonderful creation of Caliban, the varied human criticism in Gonzalo and the bad brothers, the farce-comedy of Stephano and Trinculo, do not more show the illimitable fancy and creative power of the master in scene and character than the passages, not so much scattered as showered over the whole play, show his absolute supremacy in poetry. Both in the blank verse and the lyrics, in the dialogue and the set *tirades*, in long contexts and short phrases alike, he shows himself absolute, with nothing out of reach of his faculty of expression and suggestion, with every resource of verbal music and intellectual demonstration at his command.

SAINTSBURY: *A Short History of English Literature.*

The Tempest

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ALONSO, *King of Naples.*
SEBASTIAN, *his brother.*
PROSPERO, *the right Duke of Milan.*
ANTONIO, *his brother, the usurping Duke of Milan.*
FERDINAND, *son to the King of Naples.*
GONZALO, *an honest old Counsellor.*
ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, } *Lords.*
CALIBAN, *a savage and deformed Slave.*
TRINCULO, *a Jester.*
STEPHANO, *a drunken Butler.*
Master of a Ship.
Boatswain.
Mariners.

MIRANDA, *daughter to Prospero.*

ARIEL, *an airy Spirit.*
IRIS, CERES, JUNO, Nymphs, Reapers, } *presented by Spirits.*
Other Spirits attending on Prospero.

The Tempest.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

On a ship at sea: a tempestuous noise of thunder and lightning heard.

Enter a Ship-Master and a Boatswain.

Mast. Boatswain!
Boats. Here, master: what cheer?
Mast. Good, speak to the mariners: fall to 't, yarely, or we run ourselves aground: bestir, bestir. [*Exit.*

Enter Mariners.

Boats. Heigh, my hearts! cheerly, cheerly, my hearts! yare, yare! Take in the topsail. Tend to the master's whistle. Blow, till thou burst thy wind, if room enough!

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Ferdinand, Ganzalo, and others.

Alon. Good boatswain, have care. Where 's the master? Play the men.
Boats. I pray now, keep below.
Ant. Where is the master, boatswain?
Boats. Do you not hear him? You mar our labour: keep your cabins: you do assist the storm.
Gon. Nay, good, be patient.
Boats. When the sea is. Hence! What care these

roarers for the name of king. To cabin: silence! trouble us not.

Gon. Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

Boats. None that I more love than myself. You are a counsellor; if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present, we will not hand a rope more; use your authority: if you cannot, give thanks you have lived so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap. Cheerly, good hearts! Out of our way, I say. [*Exit.*

Gon. I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good Fate, to his hanging: make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage. If he be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Boatswain.

Boats. Down with the topmast! yare! lower, lower! Bring her to try with main-course. [*A cry within.*] A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather or our office.

Re-enter Sebastian, Antonio, and Gonzalo.

Yet again! what do you here? Shall we give o'er, and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

Seb. A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog!

Boats. Work you, then.

Ant. Hang, cur! hang, you whoreson, insolent

noisemaker. We are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.

Gon. I 'll warrant him for drowning; though the ship were no stronger than a nutshell, and as leaky as an unstanched wench.

Boats. Lay her a-hold, a-hold! set her two courses; off to sea again; lay her off.

Enter Mariners, wet.

Mariners. All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost!

Boats. What, must our mouths be cold?

Gon. The king and prince at prayers! let 's assist them,
For our case is as theirs.

Seb. I 'm out of patience.

Ant. We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards:
This wide-chapp'd rascal,—would thou mightst lie drowning
The washing of ten tides!

Gon. He 'll be hanged yet,
Though every drop of water swear against it,
And gape at widest to glut him.
[*A confused noise within:* 'Mercy on us!'—
'We split, we split!'—'Farewell my wife and children!'—
'Farewell, brother!'—'We split, we split, we split!']

Ant. Let 's all sink with the king.

Seb. Let 's take leave of him. [*Exeunt Ant. and Seb.*

Gon. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground, long heath, brown furze, any thing. The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

The island. Before Prospero's cell.

Enter Prospero and Miranda.

Mir. If by your art, my dearest father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.
The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,
But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,
Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffer'd
With those that I saw suffer! a brave vessel,
Who had, no doubt, some noble creature in her,
Dash'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock
Against my very heart! Poor souls, they perish'd!
Had I been any god of power, I would
Have sunk the sea within the earth, or ere
It should the good ship so have swallow'd and
The fraughting souls within her.

Pros. Be collected:
No more amazement: tell your piteous heart
There 's no harm done.

Mir. O, woe the day!

Pros. No harm.
I have done nothing but in care of thee,
Of thee, my dear one, thee, my daughter, who
Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing
Of whence I am, nor that I am more better
Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell,
And thy no greater father.

Mir. More to know
Did never meddle with my thoughts.

Pros. 'Tis time
I should inform thee farther. Lend thy hand,
And pluck my magic garment from me.—So:
[*Lays down his mantle.*
Lie there, my art. Wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort.
The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd
The very virtue of compassion in thee,
I have with such provision in mine art
So safely ordered, that there is no soul,
No, not so much perdition as an hair
Betid to any creature in the vessel
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink.
Sit down;
For thou must now know farther.

Mir. You have often
Begun to tell me what I am; but stopp'd,
And left me to a bootless inquisition,
Concluding 'Stay: not yet.'

Pros. The hour's now come;
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear;
Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember
A time before we came unto this cell?
I do not think thou canst, for then thou wast not
Out three years old.

Mir. Certainly, sir, I can.

Pros. By what? by any other house or person?
Of any thing the image tell me, that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.

Mir. 'Tis far off,
And rather like a dream than an assurance
That my remembrance warrants. Had I not
Four or five women once that tended me?

Pros. Thou hadst, and more, Miranda. But how is it
That this lives in thy mind? What seest thou else
In the dark backward and abysm of time?
If thou remember'st aught ere thou camest here,
How thou camest here thou mayst.

Mir. But that I do not.

Pros. Twelve years since, Miranda, twelve years since,
Thy father was the Duke of Milan, and
A prince of power.

Mir. Sir, are not you my father?

Pros. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She said thou wast my daughter; and thy father
Was Duke of Milan; and his only heir
A princess, no worse issued.

Mir. O the heavens!
What foul play had we, that we came from thence?
Or blessed was 't we did?

Pros. Both, both, my girl:
By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heaved thence;
But blessedly holp hither.

Mir. O, my heart bleeds
To think o' the teen that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance! Please you, farther.

Pros. My brother, and thy uncle, call'd Antonio,—
I pray thee, mark me,—that a brother should
Be so perfidious!—he whom, next thyself,
Of all the world I loved, and to him put
The manage of my state; as at that time
Through all the signories it was the first,
And Prospero the prime duke, being so reputed
In dignity, and for the liberal arts
Without a parallel; those being all my study,

The government I cast upon my brother,
And to my state grew stranger, being transported
And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle—
Dost thou attend me?

Mir. Sir, most heedfully.

Pros. Being once perfected how to grant suits,
How to deny them, who to advance, and who
To trash for over-topping, new created
The creatures that were mine, I say, or changed 'em,
Or else new form'd 'em; having both the key
Of officer and office, set all hearts i' the state
To what tune pleased his ear; that now he was
The ivy which had hid my princely trunk,
And suck'd my verdure out on 't. Thou attend'st not.

Mir. O, good sir, I do.

Pros. I pray thee, mark me.
I, thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To closeness and the bettering of my mind
With that which, but by being so retired,
O'er-prized all popular rate, in my false brother
Awaked an evil nature; and my trust,
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falsehood in its contrary, as great
As my trust was; which had indeed no limit,
A confidence sans bound. He being thus lorded,
Not only with what my revenue yielded,
But what my power might else exact, like one
Who having into truth, by telling of it,
Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie, he did believe
He was indeed the duke; out o' the substitution,
And executing the outward face of royalty,

With all prerogative:—hence his ambition growing,—
Dost thou hear?

Mir. Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

Pros. To have no screen between this part he play'd
And him he play'd it for, he needs will be
Absolute Milan. Me, poor man, my library
Was dukedom large enough: of temporal royalties
He thinks me now incapable; confederates,
So dry he was for sway, wi' the King of Naples
To give him annual tribute, do him homage,
Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend
The dukedom, yet unbow'd,—alas, poor Milan!—
To most ignoble stooping.

Mir. O the heavens!

Pros. Mark his condition, and the event; then tell me
If this might be a brother.

Mir. I should sin
To think but nobly of my grandmother:
Good wombs have borne bad sons.

Pros. Now the condition.
This King of Naples, being an enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit;
Which was, that he, in lieu o' the premises,
Of homage and I know not how much tribute,
Should presently extirpate me and mine
Out of the dukedom, and confer fair Milan,
With all the honours, on my brother: whereon,
A treacherous army levied, one midnight
Fated to the purpose, did Antonio open
The gates of Milan; and, i' the dead of darkness,
The ministers for the purpose hurried thence
Me and thy crying self.

Mir. Alack, for pity!
I, not remembering how I cried out then,
Will cry it o'er again: it is a hint
That wrings mine eyes to 't.
Pros. Hear a little further,
And then I 'll bring thee to the present business
Which now 's upon 's; without the which, this story
Were most impertinent.
Mir. Wherefore did they not
That hour destroy us?
Pros. Well demanded, wench:
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not,
So dear the love my people bore me; nor set
A mark so bloody on the business; but
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurried us aboard a bark,
Bore us some leagues to sea; where they prepared
A rotten carcass of a butt, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast: the very rats
Instinctively have quit it: there they hoist us,
To cry to the sea that roar'd to us; to sigh
To the winds, whose pity, sighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong.
Mir. Alack, what trouble
Was I then to you!
Pros. O, a cherubin
Thou wast that did preserve me. Thou didst smile,
Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have deck'd the sea with drops full salt,
Under my burthen groan'd; which raised in me
An undergoing stomach, to bear up
Against what should ensue.

Mir. How came we ashore?
Pros. By Providence divine.
Some food we had, and some fresh water, that
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity, who being then appointed
Master of this design, did give us, with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs and necessaries,
Which since have steaded much; so, of his gentleness,
Knowing I loved my books, he furnish'd me
From mine own library with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.
Mir. Would I might
But ever see that man!
Pros. Now I arise: [*Resumes his mantle.*
Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.
Here in this island we arrived; and here
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit
Than other princess' can, that have more time
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.
Mir. Heavens thank you for 't! And now, I pray you, sir,
For still 'tis beating in my mind, your reason
For raising this sea-storm?
Pros. Know thus far forth.
By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune,
Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore; and by my prescience
I find my zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star, whose influence
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop. Here cease more questions:
Thou art inclined to sleep; 'tis a good dulness,
And give it way: I know thou canst not choose.
[*Miranda sleeps.*

Come away, servant, come. I am ready now.
Approach, my Ariel, come.

Enter Ariel.

Ari. All hail, great master! grave sir, hail! I come
To answer thy best pleasure; be 't to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds, to thy strong bidding task
Ariel and all his quality.
Pros. Hast thou, spirit,
Perform'd to point the tempest that I bade thee?
Ari. To every article.
I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak,
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
I flamed amazement: sometimes I 'ld divide,
And burn in many places; on the topmast,
The yards and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,
Then meet and join. Jove's lightnings, the precursors
O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
And sight out-running were not: the fire and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring the most mighty Neptune
Seem to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble,
Yea, his dread trident shake.
Pros. My brave spirit!
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil
Would not infect his reason?
Ari. Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mad, and play'd
Some tricks of desperation. All but mariners
Plunged in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel,
Then all afire with me: the king's son, Ferdinand,
With hair up-staring,—then like reeds, not hair,—

Was the first man that leap'd; cried, 'Hell is empty,
And all the devils are here.'

Pros. Why, that 's my spirit.
But was not this nigh shore?

Ari. Close by, my master.

Pros. But are they, Ariel, safe?

Ari. Not a hair perish'd;
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before: and, as thou badest me,
In troops I have dispersed them 'bout the isle.
The king's son have I landed by himself;
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs
In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.

Pros. Of the king's ship,
The mariners, say how thou hast disposed,
And all the rest o' the fleet.

Ari. Safely in harbour
Is the king's ship; in the deep nook, where once
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still-vex'd Bermoothes, there she 's hid:
The mariners all under hatches stow'd;
Who, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labour,
I have left asleep: and for the rest o' the fleet,
Which I dispersed, they all have met again,
And are upon the Mediterranean flote,
Bound sadly home for Naples;
Supposing that they saw the king's ship wreck'd,
And his great person perish.

Pros. Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd: but there 's more work.
What is the time o' the day?

Ari. Past the mid season.
Pros. At least two glasses. The time 'twixt six and now
Must by us both be spent most preciously.
Ari. Is there more toil? Since thou dost give me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou hast promised,
Which is not yet perform'd me.
Pros. How now? moody?
What is 't thou canst demand?
Ari. My liberty.
Pros. Before the time be out? no more!
Ari. I prithee,
Remember I have done thee worthy service;
Told thee no lies, made thee no mistakings, served
Without or grudge or grumblings: thou didst promise
To bate me a full year.
Pros. Dost thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?
Ari. No.
Pros. Thou dost, and think'st it much to tread the ooze
Of the salt deep,
To run upon the sharp wind of the north,
To do me business in the veins o' the earth
When it is baked with frost.
Ari. I do not, sir.
Pros. Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast thou forgot
The foul witch Sycorax, who with age and envy
Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?
Ari. No, sir.
Pros. Thou hast. Where was she born? speak; tell me.
Ari. Sir, in Argier.
Pros. O, was she so? I must

Once in a month recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forget'st. This damn'd witch Sycorax,
For mischiefs manifold, and sorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Argier,
Thou know'st, was banish'd: for one thing she did
They would not take her life. Is not this true?

Ari. Ay, sir.

Pros. This blue-eyed hag was hither brought with child,
And here was left by the sailors. Thou, my slave,
As thou report'st thyself, was then her servant;
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers,
And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Imprison'd thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years; within which space she died,
And left thee there; where thou didst vent thy groans
As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this island—
Save for the son that she did litter here,
A freckled whelp hag-born—not honour'd with
A human shape.

Ari. Yes, Caliban her son.

Pros. Dull thing, I say so; he, that Caliban,
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st
What torment I did find thee in; thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
Of ever-angry bears: it was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax
Could not again undo: it was mine art,

When I arrived and heard thee, that made gape
The pine, and let thee out.

Ari. I thank thee, master.

Pros. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak,
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till
Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.

Ari. Pardon, master:
I will be correspondent to command,
And do my spiriting gently.

Pros. Do so; and after two days
I will discharge thee.

Ari. That 's my noble master!
What shall I do? say what; what shall I do?

Pros. Go make thyself like a nymph o' the sea: be subject
To no sight but thine and mine; invisible
To every eyeball else. Go take this shape,
And hither come in 't: go, hence with diligence!
[*Exit Ariel.*
Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well;
Awake!

Mir. The strangeness of your story put
Heaviness in me.

Pros. Shake it off. Come on;
We 'll visit Caliban my slave, who never
Yields us kind answer.

Mir. 'Tis a villain, sir,
I do not love to look on.

Pros. But, as 'tis,
We cannot miss him: he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood, and serves in offices
That profit us. What, ho! slave! Caliban!
Thou earth, thou! speak.

Cal. [*Within*] There 's wood enough within
Pros. Come forth, I say! there 's other business for thee:
Come, thou tortoise! when?

Re-enter Ariel like a water-nymph.

Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel,
Hark in thine ear.
Ari. My lord, it shall be done. [*Exit.*
Pros. Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!

Enter Caliban.

Cal. As wicked dew as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye
And blister you all o'er!
Pros. For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps,
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up: urchins
Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,
All exercise on thee; thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honeycomb, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made 'em.
Cal. I must eat my dinner.
This island 's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou takest from me. When thou camest first,
Thou strokst me, and made much of me; wouldst give me
Water with berries in 't; and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night: and then I loved thee,
And show'd thee all the qualities o' th' isle,
The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place and fertile:

Cursed be I that did so! All the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
For I am all the subjects that you have,
Which first was mine own king: and here you sty me
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest o' th' island.

Pros. Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness! I have used thee,
Filth as thou art, with human care; and lodged thee
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
The honour of my child.

Cal. O ho, O ho! would 't had been done!
Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else
This isle with Calibans.

Pros. Abhorred slave,
Which any print of goodness wilt not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other: when thou didst not, savage,
Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known. But thy vile race,
Though thou didst learn, had that in 't which good natures
Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou
Deservedly confined into this rock,
Who hadst deserved more than a prison.

Cal. You taught me language; and my profit on 't
Is, I know how to curse. The red plague rid you
For learning me your language!

Pros. Hag-seed, hence!
Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, thou 'rt best,
To answer other business. Shrug'st thou, malice?

If thou neglect'st, or dost unwilingly
What I command, I 'll rack thee with old cramps,
Fill all thy bones with aches, make thee roar,
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

Cal. No, pray thee.
[*Aside*] I must obey: his art is of such power,
It would control my dam's god, Setebos.
And make a vassal of him.

Pros. So, slave; hence! [*Exit Caliban.*

Re-enter Ariel, invisible, playing and singing; Ferdinand following.

Ariel's song.

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Courtsied when you have and kiss'd
The wild waves whist:
Foot it featly here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear.
Hark, hark!
Burthen [*dispersedly*]. Bow-wow.
Ari. The watch dogs bark:
Burthen [*dispersedly*]. Bow-wow.
Ari. Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticleer
Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow.

Fer. Where should this music be? i' th' air or th' earth?
It sounds no more: and, sure, it waits upon
Some god o' th' island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wreck,
This music crept by me upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury and my passion

With its sweet air: thence I have follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather. But 'tis gone.
No, it begins again.

Ariel sings.

Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Burthen: Ding-dong,

Ari. Hark! now I hear them,—Ding-dong, bell.

Fer. The ditty does remember my drown'd father.
This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes:—I hear it now above me.

Pros. The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,
And say what thou seest yond.

Mir. What is 't? a spirit?
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,
It carries a brave form. But 'tis a spirit.

Pros. No, wench; it eats and sleeps and hath such senses
As we have, such. This gallant which thou seest
Was in the wreck; and, but he 's something stain'd
With grief, that 's beauty's canker, thou mightest call him
A goodly person: he hath lost his fellows,
And strays about to find 'em.

Mir. I might call him
A thing divine; for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.

Pros. [*Aside*] It goes on, I see,
As my soul prompts it. Spirit, fine spirit! I 'll free thee
Within two days for this.

Fer. Most sure, the goddess
On whom these airs attend! Vouchsafe my prayer
May know if you remain upon this island;
And that you will some good instruction give
How I may bear me here: my prime request,
Which I do last pronounce, is, O you wonder!
If you be maid or no?

Mir. No wonder, sir;
But certainly a maid.

Fer. My language! heavens!
I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.

Pros. How? the best?
What wert thou, if the King of Naples heard thee?

Fer. A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speak of Naples. He does hear me;
And that he does I weep: myself am Naples,
Who with mine eyes, never since at ebb, beheld
The king my father wrecked.

Mir. Alack, for mercy!

Fer. Yes, faith, and all his lords; the Duke of Milan
And his brave son being twain.

Pros. [*Aside*] The Duke of Milan
And his more braver daughter could control thee,
If now 'twere fit to do 't. At the first sight
They have changed eyes. Delicate Ariel,
I 'll set thee free for this. [*To Fer.*] A word, good sir;
I fear you have done yourself some wrong: a word.

Mir. Why speaks my father so ungently? This
Is the third man that e'er I saw; the first
That e'er I sigh'd for: pity move my father
To be inclined my way!

Fer. O, if a virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I 'll make you
The queen of Naples.

Pros. Soft, sir! one word more.
[*Aside*] They are both in either's powers: but this
swift business
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning
Make the prize light. [*To Fer.*] One word more;
I charge thee
That thou attend me: thou dost here usurp
The name thou owest not; and hast put thyself
Upon this island as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on 't.

Fer. No, as I am a man.

Mir. There 's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple:
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with 't.

Pros. Follow me.
Speak not you for him; he 's a traitor. Come;
I 'll manacle thy neck and feet together:
Sea-water shalt thou drink; thy food shall be
The fresh-brook muscles, wither'd roots, and husks
Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.

Fer. No;
I will resist such entertainment till
Mine enemy has more power.
[*Draws, and is charmed from moving.*

Mir. O dear father,

Make not too rash a trial of him, for
He 's gentle, and not fearful.

Pros. What! I say,
My foot my tutor? Put thy sword up, traitor;
Who makest a show, but darest not strike, thy conscience
Is so possess'd with guilt: come from thy ward;
For I can here disarm thee with this stick
And make thy weapon drop.

Mir. Beseech you, father.

Pros. Hence! hang not on my garments.

Mir. Sir, have pity;
I 'll be his surety.

Pros. Silence! one word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What!
An advocate for an impostor! hush!
Thou think'st there is no more such shapes as he,
Having seen but him and Caliban: foolish wench!
To the most of men this is a Caliban,
And they to him are angels.

Mir. My affections
Are, then, most humble; I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man.

Pros. Come on; obey:
Thy nerves are in their infancy again,
And have no vigour in them.

Fer. So they are:
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, nor this man's threats,
To whom I am subdued, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this maid: all corners else o' th' earth

Let liberty make use of; space enough
Have I in such a prison.

Pros. [*Aside*] It works. [*To Fer.*] Come on.
Thou hast done well, fine Ariel! [*To Fer.*]
Follow me.
[*To Ari.*] Hark what thou else shalt do me.

Mir. Be of comfort;
My father 's of a better nature, sir,
Than he appears by speech: this is unwonted
Which now came from him.

Pros. Thou shalt be as free
As mountain winds: but then exactly do
All points of my command.

Ari. To the syllable.

Pros. Come, follow. Speak not for him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

Another part of the island.

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Francisco, and others.

Gon. Beseech you, sir, be merry; you have cause,
So have we all, of joy; for our escape
Is much beyond our loss. Our hint of woe
Is common; every day, some sailor's wife,
The masters of some merchant, and the merchant,
Have just our theme of woe; but for the miracle,
I mean our preservation, few in millions

Can speak like us: then wisely, good sir, weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort.

Alon. Prithee, peace.

Seb. He receives comfort like cold porridge.

Ant. The visitor will not give him o'er so.

Seb. Look, he 's winding up the watch of his wit; by and by it will strike.

Gon. Sir,—

Seb. One: tell.

Gon. When every grief is entertain'd that 's offer'd,
Comes to the entertainer—

Seb. A dollar.

Gon. Dolour comes to him, indeed: you have spoken truer than you purposed.

Seb. You have taken it wiselier than I meant you should.

Gon. Therefore, my lord,—

Ant. Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue!

Alon. I prithee, spare.

Gon. Well, I have done: but yet,—

Seb. He will be talking.

Ant. Which, of he or Adrian, for a good wager, first begins to crow?

Seb. The old cock.

Ant. The cockerel.

Seb. Done. The wager?

Ant. A laughter.

Seb. A match!

Adr. Though this island seem to be desert,—

Seb. Ha, ha, ha!—So, you 're paid.

Adr. Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible,—

Seb. Yet,—

Adr. Yet,—

Ant. He could not miss 't.

Adr. It must needs be of subtle, tender and delicate temperance.

Ant. Temperance was a delicate wench.

Seb. Ay, and a subtle; as he most learnedly delivered.

Adr. The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

Seb. As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

Ant. Or as 'twere perfumed by a fen.

Gon. Here is everything advantageous to life.

Ant. True; save means to live.

Seb. Of that there 's none, or little.

Gon. How lush and lusty the grass looks! how green!

Ant. The ground, indeed, is tawny.

Seb. With an eye of green in 't.

Ant. He misses not much.

Seb. No; he doth but mistake the truth totally.

Gon. But the rarity of it is,—which is indeed almost beyond credit,—

Seb. As many vouched rarities are.

Gon. That our garments, being, as they were, drenched in the sea, hold, notwithstanding, their freshness and glosses, being rather new-dyed than stained with salt water.

Ant. If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say he lies?

Seb. Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.

Gon. Methinks our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Afric, at the marriage of the king's fair daughter Claribel to the King of Tunis.

Seb. 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.

Adr. Tunis was never graced before with such a paragon to their queen.

Gon. Not since widow Dido's time.

Ant. Widow! a pox o' that! How came that widow in? widow Dido!

Seb. What if he had said 'widower Æneas' too? Good Lord, how you take it!

Adr. 'Widow Dido' said you? you make me study of that: she was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

Gon. This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

Adr. Carthage?

Gon. I assure you, Carthage.

Ant. His word is more than the miraculous harp.

Seb. He hath raised the wall, and houses too.

Ant. What impossible matter will he make easy next?

Seb. I think he will carry this island home in his pocket, and give it his son for an apple.

Ant. And, sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands.

Gon. Ay.

Ant. Why, in good time.

Gon. Sir, we were talking that our garments seem now as fresh as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.

Ant. And the rarest that e'er came there.

Seb. Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.

Ant. O, widow Dido! ay, widow Dido.

Gon. Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean, in a sort.

Ant. That sort was well fished for.

Gon. When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?
Alon. You cram these words into mine ears against
The stomach of my sense. Would I had never
Married my daughter there! for, coming thence,
My son is lost, and, in my rate, she too,
Who is so far from Italy removed
I ne'er again shall see her. O thou mine heir
Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish
Hath made his meal on thee?
Fran. Sir, he may live:
I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
The surge most swoln that met him; his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke
To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd,
As stooping to relieve him: I not doubt
He came alive to land.
Alon. No, no, he 's gone.
Seb. Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss,
That would not bless our Europe with your daughter,
But rather lose her to an African;
Where she, at least, is banish'd from your eye,
Who hath cause to wet the grief on 't.
Alon. Prithee, peace.
Seb. You were kneel'd to, and importuned otherwise,
By all of us; and the fair soul herself
Weigh'd between loathness and obedience, at
Which end o' the beam should bow. We have lost your son,
I fear, for ever: Milan and Naples have

Mo widows in them of this business' making
Than we bring men to comfort them:
The fault 's your own.

Alon. So is the dear'st o' the loss.

Gon. My lord Sebastian,
The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness,
And time to speak it in: you rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaster.

Seb. Very well.

Ant. And most chirurgeonly.

Gon. It is foul weather in us all, good sir,
When you are cloudy.

Seb. Foul weather?

Ant. Very foul.

Gon. Had I plantation of this isle, my lord,—

Ant. He 'ld sow 't with nettle-seed.

Seb. Or docks, or mallows.

Gon. And were the king on 't, what would I do?

Seb. 'Scape being drunk for want of wine.

Gon. I' the commonwealth I would by contraries
Execute all things; for no kind of traffic
Would I admit; no name of magistrate;
Letters should not be known; riches, poverty,
And use of service, none; contract, succession,
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none;
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil;
No occupation; all men idle, all;
And women too, but innocent and pure;
No sovereignty;—

Seb. Yet he would be king on 't.

Ant. The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.

Gon. All things in common nature should produce
Without sweat or endeavour: treason, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,
Would I not have; but nature should bring forth,
Of it own kind, all foison, all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.
Seb. No marrying 'mong his subjects?
Ant. None, man; all idle; whores and knaves
Gon. I would with such perfection govern, sir,
To excel the golden age.
Seb. 'Save his majesty!
Ant. Long live Gonzalo!
Gon. And,—do you mark me, sir?
Alon. Prithee, no more: thou dost talk nothing to me.
Gon. I do well believe your highness; and did it to minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are of such sensible and nimble lungs that they always used to laugh at nothing.
Ant. 'Twas you we laughed at.
Gon. Who in this kind of merry fooling am nothing to you: so you may continue, and laugh at nothing still.
Ant. What a blow was there given!
Seb. An it had not fallen flat-long.
Gon. You are gentlemen of brave mettle; you would lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would continue in it five weeks without changing.

Enter Ariel (invisible) playing solemn music.

Seb. We would so, and then go a bat-fowling.
Ant. Nay, good my lord, be not angry.

Gon. No, I warrant you; I will not adventure my
discretion so weakly. Will you laugh me asleep,
for I am very heavy?
Ant. Go sleep, and hear us.
[*All sleep except Alon., Seb., and Ant.*
Alon. What, all so soon asleep! I wish mine eyes
Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts: I
find
They are inclined to do so.
Seb. Please you, sir,
Do not omit the heavy offer of it:
It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,
It is a comforter.
Ant. We two, my lord,
Will guard your person while you take your rest,
And watch your safety.
Alon. Thank you.—Wondrous heavy.
[*Alonso sleeps. Exit Ariel.*
Seb. What a strange drowsiness possesses them!
Ant. It is the quality o' the climate.
Seb. Why
Doth it not then our eyelids sink? I find not
Myself disposed to sleep.
Ant. Nor I; my spirits are nimble.
They fell together all, as by consent;
They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke. What might,
Worthy Sebastian?—O, what might?—No more:—
And yet methinks I see it in thy face,
What thou shouldst be: the occasion speaks thee;
and
My strong imagination sees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.
Seb. What, art thou waking?
Ant. Do you not hear me speak?

Seb. I do; and surely
It is a sleepy language, and thou speak'st
Out of thy sleep. What is it thou didst say?
This is a strange repose, to be asleep
With eyes wide open; standing, speaking, moving,
And yet so fast asleep.

Ant. Noble Sebastian,
Thou let'st thy fortune sleep—die, rather; wink'st
Whiles thou art waking.

Seb. Thou dost snore distinctly;
There 's meaning in thy snores.

Ant. I am more serious than my custom: you
Must be so too, if heed me; which to do
Trebles thee o'er.

Seb. Well, I am standing water.

Ant. I 'll teach you how to flow.

Seb. Do so: to ebb
Hereditary sloth instructs me.

Ant. O,
If you but knew how you the purpose cherish
Whiles thus you mock it! how, in stripping it,
You more invest it! Ebbing men, indeed,
Most often do so near the bottom run
By their own fear or sloth.

Seb. Prithee, say on:
The setting of thine eye and cheek proclaim
A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,
Which throes thee much to yield.

Ant. Thus, sir:
Although this lord of weak remembrance, this,
Who shall be of as little memory
When he is earth'd, hath here almost persuaded,—

For he 's a spirit of persuasion, only
Professes to persuade,—the king his son 's alive,
'Tis as impossible that he 's undrown'd
As he that sleeps here swims.

Seb. I have no hope
That he 's undrown'd.

Ant. O, out of that 'no hope'
What great hope have you! no hope that way is
Another way so high a hope that even
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,
But doubt discovery there. Will you grant with me
That Ferdinand is drown'd?

Seb. He 's gone.

Ant. Then, tell me,
Who 's the next heir of Naples?

Seb. Claribel.

Ant. She that is queen of Tunis; she that dwells
Ten leagues beyond man's life; she that from Naples
Can have no note, unless the sun were post,—
The man i' the moon 's too slow,—till new-born chins
Be rough and razorable; she that from whom
We all were sea-swallow'd, though some cast again,
And by that destiny, to perform an act
Whereof what 's past is prologue; what to come,
In yours and my discharge.

Seb. What stuff is this! how say you?
'Tis true, my brother's daughter 's queen of Tunis;
So is she heir of Naples; 'twixt which regions
There is some space.

Ant. A space whose every cubit
Seems to cry out, 'How shall that Claribel
Measure us back to Naples? Keep in Tunis,

And let Sebastian wake.' Say this were death
That now hath seized them; why, they were no worse
Than now they are. There be that can rule Naples
As well as he that sleeps; lords that can prate
As amply and unnecessarily
As this Gonzalo; I myself could make
A chough of as deep chat. O, that you bore
The mind that I do! what a sleep were this
For your advancement! Do you understand me?

Seb. Methinks I do.

Ant. And how does your content
Tender your own good fortune?

Seb. I remember
You did supplant your brother Prospero.

Ant. True:
And look how well my garments sit upon me;
Much feater than before: my brother's servants
Were then my fellows; now they are my men.

Seb. But, for your conscience.

Ant. Ay, sir; where lies that? if 'twere a kibe,
'Twould put me to my slipper: but I feel not
This deity in my bosom: twenty consciences,
That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be they,
And melt, ere they molest! Here lies your brother,
No better than the earth he lies upon,
If he were that which now he 's like, that 's dead;
Whom I, with this obedient steel, three inches of it,
Can lay to bed for ever; whiles you, doing thus,
To the perpetual wink for aye might put
This ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,
They 'll take suggestion as a cat laps milk;

They 'll tell the clock to any business that
We say befits the hour.

Seb. Thy case, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent; as thou got'st Milan,
I 'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword: one stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou payest;
And I the king shall love thee.

Ant. Draw together;
And when I rear my hand, do you the like,
To fall it on Gonzalo.

Seb. O, but one word. [*They talk apart.*

Re-enter Ariel invisible.

Ari. My master through his art foresees the danger
That you, his friend, are in; and sends me forth,—
For else his project dies,—to keep them living.
[*Sings in Gonzalo's ear.*

While you here do snoring lie,
Open-eyed conspiracy
His time doth take.
If of life you keep a care,
Shake off slumber, and beware:
Awake, awake!

Ant. Then let us both be sudden.

Gon. Now, good angels
Preserve the king! [*They wake.*

Alon. Why, how now? ho, awake!—Why are you drawn?
Wherefore this ghastly looking?

Gon. What 's the matter?

Seb. Whiles we stood here securing your repose,
Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing

Like bulls, or rather lions; did 't not wake you?
It struck mine ear most terribly.
Alon. I heard nothing.
Ant. O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear,
To make an earthquake! sure, it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.
Alon. Heard you this, Gonzalo?
Gon. Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a humming,
And that a strange one too, which did awake me:
I shaked you, sir, and cried: as mine eyes open'd,
I saw their weapons drawn:—there was a noise,
That 's verily. 'Tis best we stand upon our guard,
Or that we quit this place: let 's draw our weapons.
Alon. Lead off this ground: and let 's make further search
For my poor son.
Gon. Heavens keep him from these beasts!
For he is, sure, i' th' island.
Alon. Lead away.
Ari. Prospero my lord shall know what I have done:
So, king, go safely on to seek thy son. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Another part of the island.

Enter Caliban with a burden of wood. A noise of thunder heard.

Cal. All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him
By inch-meal a disease! his spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse. But they 'll nor pinch,
Fright me with urchin-shows, pitch me i' the mire,

Nor lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark
Out of my way, unless he bid 'em: but
For every trifle are they set upon me;
Sometime like apes, that mow and chatter at me,
And after bite me; then like hedgehogs, which
Lie tumbling in my barefoot way, and mount
Their pricks at my footfall; sometime am I
All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues
Do hiss me into madness.

Enter Trinculo.

Lo, now, lo!
Here comes a spirit of his, and to torment me
For bringing wood in slowly. I 'll fall flat;
Perchance he will not mind me.

Trin. Here 's neither bush nor shrub, to bear off any weather at all, and another storm brewing; I hear it sing i' the wind: yond same black cloud, yond huge one, looks like a foul bombard that would shed his liquor. If it should thunder as it did before, I know not where to hide my head: yond same cloud cannot choose but fall by pailfuls. What have we here? a man or a fish? dead or alive? A fish: he smells like a fish; a very ancient and fish-like smell; a kind of not of the newest Poor-John. A strange fish! Were I in England now, as once I was, and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver: there would this monster make a man; any strange beast there makes a man: when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian.

Legged like a man! and his fins like arms! Warm o' my troth! I do now let loose my opinion; hold it no longer: this is no fish, but an islander, that hath lately suffered by a thunderbolt. [*Thunder.*] Alas, the storm is come again! my best way is to creep under his gaberdine; there is no other shelter hereabout: misery acquaints a man with strange bed-fellows. I will here shroud till the dregs of the storm be past.

Enter Stephano, singing: a bottle in his hand.

Ste. I shall no more to sea, to sea,
Here shall I die a-shore,—
This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral: well, here 's my comfort. [*Drinks.*
[*Sings.*
The master, the swabber, the boatswain and I,
The gunner, and his mate,
Loved Moll, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,
But none of us cared for Kate;
For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a sailor, Go hang!
She loved not the savour of tar nor of pitch;
Yet a tailor might scratch her where'er she did itch.
Then, to sea, boys, and let her go hang!
This is a scurvy tune too: but here 's my comfort.
[*Drinks.*

Cal. Do not torment me:—O!

Ste. What 's the matter? Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon 's with salvages and men of Ind, ha? I have not scaped drowning, to be afeard now of your four legs; for it hath been

said, As proper a man as ever went on four legs cannot make him give ground; and it shall be said so again, while Stephano breathes at nostrils.

Cal. The spirit torments me.—O!

Ste. This is some monster of the isle with four legs, who hath got, as I take it, an ague. Where the devil should he learn our language? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that. If I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to Naples with him, he 's a present for any emperor that ever trod on neat's-leather.

Cal. Do not torment me, prithee; I 'll bring my wood home faster.

Ste. He 's in his fit now, and does not talk after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle: if he have never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit. If I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him; he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

Cal. Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling: now Prosper works upon thee.

Ste. Come on your ways; open your mouth; here is that which will give language to you, cat: open your mouth; this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly: you cannot tell who 's your friend: open your chaps again.

Trin. I should know that voice: it should be—but he is drowned; and these are devils:—O defend me!

Ste. Four legs and two voices,—a most delicate monster! His forward voice, now, is to speak

well of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague. Come:—Amen! I will pour some in thy other mouth.

Trin. Stephano!

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy, mercy! This is a devil, and no monster: I will leave him; I have no long spoon.

Trin. Stephano! If thou beest Stephano, touch me, and speak to me; for I am Trinculo,—be not afeard,—thy good friend Trinculo.

Ste. If thou beest Trinculo, come forth: I'll pull thee by the lesser legs: if any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. Thou art very Trinculo indeed! How camest thou to be the siege of this moon-calf? can he vent Trinculos?

Trin. I took him to be killed with a thunder-stroke. But art thou not drowned, Stephano? I hope, now, thou art not drowned. Is the storm overblown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine for fear of the storm. And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans scaped!

Ste. Prithee, do not turn me about; my stomach is not constant.

Cal. [*Aside*] These be fine things, an if they be not sprites.
That 's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor: I will kneel to him.

Ste. How didst thou scape? How camest thou hither? swear, by this bottle, how thou camest hither. I escaped upon a butt of sack, which

the sailors heaved o'erboard, by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree with mine own hands, since I was cast ashore.

Cal. I'll swear, upon that bottle, to be thy true subject; for the liquor is not earthly.

Ste. Here; swear, then, how thou escapedst.

Trin. Swum ashore, man, like a duck: I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

Ste. Here, kiss the book. Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

Trin. O Stephano, hast any more of this?

Ste. The whole butt, man: my cellar is in a rock by the sea-side, where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf! how does thine ague?

Cal. Hast thou not dropp'd from heaven?

Ste. Out o' the moon, I do assure thee: I was the man i' the moon when time was.

Cal. I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee: my mistress show'd me thee, and thy dog, and thy bush.

Ste. Come, swear to that; kiss the book: I will furnish it anon with new contents: swear.

Trin. By this good light, this is a very shallow monster! I afeard of him! A very weak monster! The man i' the moon! A most poor credulous monster! Well drawn, monster, in good sooth!

Cal. I'll show thee every fertile inch o' th' island; and I will kiss thy foot; I prithee, be my god.

Trin. By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster! when 's god 's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.

Cal. I 'll kiss thy foot; I 'll swear myself thy subject

Ste. Come on, then; down, and swear.

Trin. I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster. A most scurvy monster! I could find in my heart to beat him,—

Ste. Come, kiss.

Trin. But that the poor monster 's in drink. An abominable monster!

Cal. I 'll show thee the best springs; I 'll pluck thee berries;
I 'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.
A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!
I 'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,
Thou wondrous man.

Trin. A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder of a poor drunkard!

Cal. I prithee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;
And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;
Show thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how
To snare the nimble marmoset; I 'll bring thee
To clustering filberts, and sometimes I 'll get thee
Young seamews from the rock. Wilt thou go with me?

Ste. I prithee now, lead the way, without any more talking. Trinculo, the king and all our company else being drowned, we will inherit here: here; bear my bottle: fellow Trinculo, we 'll fill him by and by again.

Cal. [*Sings drunkenly*]
Farewell, master; farewell, farewell!

Trin. A howling monster; a drunken monster!

Cal. No more dams I 'll make for fish;
Nor fetch in firing
At requiring;
Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish:
'Ban, 'Ban, Cacaliban
Has a new master:—get a new man.
Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! free-
dom, hey-day, freedom!
Ste. O brave monster! Lead the way. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

Before Prospero's cell.

Enter Ferdinand, bearing a log.

Fer. There be some sports are painful, and their labour
Delight in them sets off: some kinds of baseness
Are nobly undergone, and most poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean task
Would be as heavy to me as odious, but
The mistress which I serve quickens what 's dead,
And makes my labours pleasures: O, she is
Ten times more gentle than her father 's crabbed,
And he 's composed of harshness. I must remove
Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up,
Upon a sore injunction: my sweet mistress
Weeps when she sees me work, and says, such base-
ness
Had never like executor. I forget:
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my la-
bours,
Most busy least, when I do it.

Enter Miranda; and Prospero at a distance, unseen.

Mir. Alas, now, pray you,
Work not so hard: I would the lightning had
Burnt up those logs that you are enjoin'd to pile!
Pray, set it down, and rest you: when this burns,
'Twill weep for having wearied you. My father
Is hard at study; pray, now, rest yourself;
He 's safe for these three hours.

Fer. O most dear mistress,
The sun will set before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.

Mir. If you 'll sit down,
I 'll bear your logs the while: pray, give me that;
I 'll carry it to the pile.

Fer. No, precious creature;
I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonour undergo,
While I sit lazy by.

Mir. It would become me
As well as it does you: and I should do it
With much more ease; for my good will is to it,
And yours it is against.

Pros. Poor worm, thou art infected!
This visitation shows it.

Mir. You look wearily.

Fer. No, noble mistress; 'tis fresh morning with me
When you are by at night. I do beseech you,—
Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers,—
What is your name?

Mir. Miranda.—O my father,
I have broke your hest to say so!

Fer. Admired Miranda!
Indeed the top of admiration! worth
What 's dearest to the world! Full many a lady
I have eyed with best regard, and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear: for several virtues
Have I liked several women; never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owed,
And put it to the foil: but you, O you,
So perfect and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best!

Mir. I do not know
One of my sex; no woman's face remember,
Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen
More that I may call men than you, good friend,
And my dear father: how features are abroad,
I am skilless of; but, by my modesty,
The jewel in my dower, I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you;
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides yourself, to like of. But I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
I therein do forget.

Fer. I am, in my condition,
A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king;
I would, not so!—and would no more endure
This wooden slavery than to suffer
The flesh-fly blow my mouth. Hear my soul speak:
The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service; there resides,

To make me slave to it; and for your sake
Am I this patient log-man.

Mir. Do you love me?

Fer. O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this sound,
And crown what I profess with kind event,
If I speak true! if hollowly, invert
What best is boded me to mischief! I,
Beyond all limit of what else i' the world,
Do love, prize, honour you.

Mir. I am a fool
To weep at what I am glad of.

Pros. Fair encounter
Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace
On that which breeds between 'em!

Fer. Wherefore weep you?

Mir. At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer
What I desire to give; and much less take
What I shall die to want. But this is trifling;
And all the more it seeks to hide itself,
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning!
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I 'll die your maid: to be your fellow
You may deny me; but I 'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.

Fer. My mistress, dearest;
And I thus humble ever.

Mir. My husband, then?

Fer. Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom: here 's my hand.

Mir. And mine, with my heart in 't: and now farewell
Till half an hour hence.
Fer. A thousand thousand!
[*Exeunt Fer. and Mir. severally*

Pros. So glad of this as they I cannot be,
Who are surprised withal; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I 'll to my book;
For yet, ere supper-time, must I perform
Much business appertaining. [*Exit*

Scene II.

Another part of the island.

Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo.

Ste. Tell not me;—when the butt is out, we will drink water; not a drop before: therefore bear up, and board 'em. Servant-monster, drink to me.

Trin. Servant-monster! the folly of this island! They say there 's but five upon this isle: we are three of them; if th' other two be brained like us, the state totters.

Ste. Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee: thy eyes are almost set in thy head.

Trin. Where should they be set else? he were a brave monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.

Ste. My man-monster hath drowned his tongue in sack: for my part, the sea cannot drown me; I swam, ere I could recover the shore, five-and-thirty leagues off and on. By this light, thou

shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard.

Trin. Your lieutenant, if you list; he 's no standard.

Ste. We 'll not run, Monsieur Monster.

Trin. Nor go neither; but you 'll lie, like dogs, and yet say nothing neither.

Ste. Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a good moon-calf.

Cal. How does thy honour? Let me lick thy shoe. I 'll not serve him, he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou liest, most ignorant monster: I am in case to justle a constable. Why, thou deboshed fish, thou, was there ever man a coward that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish and half a monster?

Cal. Lo, how he mocks me! wilt thou let him, my lord?

Trin. 'Lord,' quoth he! That a monster should be such a natural!

Cal. Lo, lo, again! bite him to death, I prithee.

Ste. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head: if you prove a mutineer,—the next tree! The poor monster 's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity.

Cal. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleased to hearken once again to the suit I made to thee?

Ste. Marry, will I: kneel and repeat it; I will stand, and so shall Trinculo.

Enter Ariel, invisible.

Cal. As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant,

a sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of the island.

Ari. Thou liest.

Cal. Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou:
I would my valiant master would destroy thee!
I do not lie.

Ste. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in 's tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

Trin. Why, I said nothing.

Ste. Mum, then, and no more. Proceed.

Cal. I say, by sorcery he got this isle;
From me he got it. If thy greatness will
Revenge it on him,—for I know thou darest,
But this thing dare not,—

Ste. That 's most certain.

Cal. Thou shalt be lord of it, and I 'll serve thee.

Ste. How now shall this be compassed? Canst thou bring me to the party?

Cal. Yea, yea, my lord: I 'll yield him thee asleep,
Where thou mayst knock a nail into his head.

Ari. Thou liest; thou canst not.

Cal. What a pied ninny 's this! Thou scurvy patch!
I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows,
And take his bottle from him: when that 's gone,
He shall drink nought but brine; for I 'll not show him
Where the quick freshes are.

Ste. Trinculo, run into no further danger: interrupt the monster one word further, and, by this hand, I 'll turn my mercy out o' doors, and make a stock-fish of thee.

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing. I 'll go farther off.

Ste. Didst thou not say he lied?
Ari. Thou liest.
Ste. Do I so? take thou that. [*Beats him.*]
As you like this, give me the lie another time.
Trin. I did not give the lie. Out o' your wits, and hearing too? A pox o' your bottle! this can sack and drinking do. A murrain on your monster, and the devil take your fingers!
Cal. Ha, ha, ha!
Ste. Now, forward with your tale.—Prithee, stand farther off.
Cal. Beat him enough: after a little time,
I 'll beat him too.
Ste. Stand farther.—Come, proceed.
Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him
I' th' afternoon to sleep: there thou mayst brain him,
Having first seized his books; or with a log
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember
First to possess his books; for without them
He 's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not
One spirit to command: they all do hate him
As rootedly as I. Burn but his books.
He has brave utensils,—for so he calls them,—
Which, when he has a house, he 'll deck withal.
And that most deeply to consider is
The beauty of his daughter; he himself
Calls her a nonpareil: I never saw a woman,
But only Sycorax my dam and she;
But she as far surpasseth Sycorax
As great'st does least.
Ste. Is it so brave a lass?

Cal. Ay, lord; she will become thy bed, I warrant,
And bring thee forth brave brood.

Ste. Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and I will be king and queen,—save our graces!—and Trinculo and thyself shall be viceroys. Dost thou like the plot, Trinculo?

Trin. Excellent.

Ste. Give me thy hand: I am sorry I beat thee; but, while thou livest, keep a good tongue in thy head.

Cal. Within this half hour will he be asleep:
Wilt thou destroy him then?

Ste. Ay, on mine honour.

Ari. This will I tell my master.

Cal. Thou makest me merry; I am full of pleasure:
Let us be jocund: will you troll the catch
You taught me but while-ere?

Ste. At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any reason.—Come on, Trinculo, let us sing. [*Sings.*

Flout 'em and scout 'em,
And scout 'em and flout 'em;
Thought is free.

Cal. That 's not the tune.

[*Ariel plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.*

Ste. What is this same?

Trin. This is the tune of our catch, played by the picture of Nobody.

Ste. If thou beest a man, show thyself in thy likeness: if thou beest a devil, take 't as thou list.

Trin. O, forgive me my sins!

Ste. He that dies pays all debts: I defy thee. Mercy upon us!

Cal. Art thou afeard?
Ste. No, monster, not I.
Cal. Be not afeard; the isle is full of noises,
Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not.
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears; and sometime voices,
That, if I then had waked after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming,
The clouds methought would open, and show riches
Ready to drop upon me; that, when I waked,
I cried to dream again.
Ste. This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I shall have my music for nothing.
Cal. When Prospero is destroyed.
Ste. That shall be by and by: I remember the story.
Trin. The sound is going away; let 's follow it, and after do our work.
Ste. Lead, monster; we 'll follow. I would I could see this taborer; he lays it on.
Trin. Wilt come? I 'll follow, Stephano. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Another part of the island.

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Francisco, and others.

Gon. By 'r lakin, I can go no further, sir;
My old bones ache: here 's a maze trod, indeed,
Through forth-rights and meanders! By your patience,
I needs must rest me.
Alon. Old lord, I cannot blame thee,

Who am myself attach'd with weariness,
To the dulling of my spirits: sit down, and rest.
Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it
No longer for my flatterer: he is drown'd
Whom thus we stray to find; and the sea mocks
Our frustrate search on land. Well, let him go.
Ant. [*Aside to Seb.*] I am right glad that he 's so out of hope.
Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose
That you resolved to effect.
Seb. [*Aside to Ant.*] The next advantage
Will we take throughly.
Ant. [*Aside to Seb.*] Let it be to-night;
For, now they are oppress'd with travel, they
Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance
As when they are fresh.
Seb. [*Aside to Ant.*] I say, to-night: no more.
[*Solemn and strange music.*
Alon. What harmony is this?—My good friends, hark!
Gon. Marvellous sweet music!

Enter Prospero above, invisible. Enter several strange Shapes, bringing in a banquet: they dance about it with gentle actions of salutation; and, inviting the King, etc., to eat, they depart.

Alon. Give us kind keepers, heavens!—What were these?
Seb. A living drollery. Now I will believe
That there are unicorns; that in Arabia
There is one tree, the phœnix' throne; one phœnix
At this hour reigning there.
Ant. I 'll believe both;
And what does else want credit, come to me,

And I 'll be sworn 'tis true: travellers ne'er did lie,
Though fools at home condemn 'em.

Gon. If in Naples
I should report this now, would they believe me?
If I should say, I saw such islanders,—
For, certes, these are people of the island,—
Who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet, note,
Their manners are more gentle-kind than of
Our human generation you shall find
Many, nay, almost any.

Pros. [*Aside*] Honest lord,
Thou hast said well; for some of you there present
Are worse than devils.

Alon. I cannot too much muse
Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound, expressing—
Although they want the use of tongue—a kind
Of excellent dumb discourse.

Pros. [*Aside*] Praise in departing.

Fran. They vanish'd strangely.

Seb. No matter, since
They have left their viands behind; for we have stomachs.—
Will 't please you taste of what is here?

Alon. Not I.

Gon. Faith, sir, you need not fear. When we were boys,
Who would believe that there were mountaineers
Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging at 'em
Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men
Whose heads stood in their breasts? which now we find

Each putter-out of five for one will bring us
Good warrant of.

Alon. I will stand to, and feed,
Although my last: no matter, since I feel
The best is past. Brother, my lord the duke,
Stand to, and do as we.

Thunder and lightning. Enter Ariel, like a harpy; claps his wings upon the table; and, with a quaint device, the banquet vanishes.

Ari. You are three men of sin, whom Destiny,—
That hath to instrument this lower world
And what is in 't,—the never-surfeited sea
Hath caused to belch up you; and on this island,
Where man doth not inhabit,—you 'mongst men
Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad;
And even with such-like valour men hang and drown
Their proper selves.

[*Alon., Seb., etc., draw their swords.*

You fools! I and my fellows
Are ministers of Fate: the elements,
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
One dowle that 's in my plume: my fellow-ministers
Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt,
Your swords are now too massy for your strengths,
And will not be uplifted. But remember,—
For that 's my business to you,—that you three
From Milan did supplant good Prospero;
Exposed unto the sea, which hath requit it,
Him and his innocent child: for which foul deed

The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have
Incensed the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,
Against your peace. Thee of thy son, Alonso,
They have bereft; and do pronounce by me:
Lingering perdition—worse than any death
Can be at once—shall step by step attend
You and your ways; whose wraths to guard you from,—
Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls
Upon your heads,—is nothing but heart-sorrow
And a clear life ensuing.

He vanishes in thunder; then, to soft music, enter the Shapes again, and dance, with mocks and mows, and carrying out the table.

Pros. Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou
Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had, devouring:
Of my instruction hast thou nothing bated
In what thou hadst to say: so, with good life
And observation strange, my meaner ministers
Their several kinds have done. My high charms work,
And these mine enemies are all knit up
In their distractions: they now are in my power;
And in these fits I leave them, while I visit
Young Ferdinand,—whom they suppose is drown'd,—
And his and mine loved darling. [*Exit above.*

Gon. I' the name of something holy, sir, why stand you
In this strange stare?

Alon. O, it is monstrous, monstrous!
Methought the billows spoke, and told me of it;
The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,

That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounced
The name of Prosper: it did bass my trespass.
Therefore my son i' th' ooze is bedded; and
I 'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded,
And with him there lie mudded. [*Exit.*

Seb. But one fiend at a time,
I 'll fight their legions o'er.

Ant. I 'll be thy second.
[*Exeunt Seb. and Ant.*

Gon. All three of them are desperate: their great guilt,
Like poison given to work a great time after,
Now 'gins to bite the spirits. I do beseech you,
That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly,
And hinder them from what this ecstasy
May now provoke them to.

Adr. Follow, I pray you. [*Exeunt.*

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

Before Prospero's cell.

Enter Prospero, Ferdinand, and Miranda.

Pros. If I have too austerely punish'd you,
Your compensation makes amends; for I
Have given you here a third of mine own life,
Or that for which I live; who once again
I tender to thy hand: all thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely stood the test: here, afore Heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand,

Do not smile at me that I boast her off,
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise,
And make it halt behind her.

Fer. I do believe it
Against an oracle.

Pros. Then, as my gift, and thine own acquisition
Worthily purchased, take my daughter: but
If thou dost break her virgin-knot before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be minister'd,
No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall
To make this contract grow; but barren hate,
Sour-eyed disdain and discord shall bestrew
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly
That you shall hate it both: therefore take heed,
As Hymen's lamps shall light you.

Fer. As I hope
For quiet days, fair issue and long life,
With such love as 'tis now, the murkiest den,
The most opportune place, the strong'st suggestion
Our worser genius can, shall never melt
Mine honour into lust, to take away
The edge of that day's celebration
When I shall think, or Phœbus' steeds are foundder'd,
Or Night kept chain'd below.

Pros. Fairly spoke.
Sit, then, and talk with her; she is thine own.
What, Ariel! my industrious servant, Ariel!

Enter Ariel.

Ari. What would my potent master? here I am.

Pros. Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service

Did worthily perform; and I must use you
In such another trick. Go bring the rabble,
O'er whom I give thee power, here to this place:
Incite them to quick motion; for I must
Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple
Some vanity of mine art: it is my promise,
And they expect it from me.

Ari. Presently?

Pros. Ay, with a twink.

Ari. Before you can say, 'come,' and 'go,'
And breathe twice, and cry, 'so, so,'
Each one, tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop and mow.
Do you love me, master? no?

Pros. Dearly, my delicate Ariel. Do not approach
Till thou dost hear me call.

Ari. Well, I conceive. [*Exit.*

Pros. Look thou be true; do not give dalliance
Too much the rein: the strongest oaths are straw
To the fire i' the blood: be more abstemious,
Or else, good night your vow!

Fer. I warrant you, sir;
The white cold virgin snow upon my heart
Abates the ardour of my liver.

Pros. Well.
Now come, my Ariel! bring a corollary,
Rather than want a spirit: appear, and pertly!
No tongue! all eyes! be silent. [*Soft music.*

Enter Iris.

Iris. Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, fetches, oats, and pease;

Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
And flat meads thatch'd with stover, them to keep;
Thy banks with pioned and twilled brims,
Which spongy April at thy hest betrims,
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy broom-groves,
Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,
Being lass-lorn; thy pole-clipt vineyard;
And thy sea-marge, sterile and rocky-hard,
Where thou thyself dost air;—the queen o' the sky,
Whose watery arch and messenger am I,
Bids thee leave these; and with her sovereign grace,
Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,
To come and sport:—her peacocks fly amain:
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

Enter Ceres.

Cer. Hail, many-colour'd messenger, that ne'er
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;
Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my flowers
Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers;
And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown
My bosky acres and my unshrubb'd down,
Rich scarf to my proud earth;—why hath thy queen
Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass'd green?

Iris. A contract of true love to celebrate;
And some donation freely to estate
On the blest lovers.

Cer. Tell me, heavenly bow,
If Venus or her son, as thou dost know,
Do now attend the queen? Since they did plot
The means that dusky Dis my daughter got,

Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company
I have forsworn.

Iris. Of her society
Be not afraid: I met her deity
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos, and her son
Dove-drawn with her. Here thought they to have done
Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
Whose vows are, that no bed-right shall be paid
Till Hymen's torch be lighted: but in vain;
Mars's hot minion is return'd again;
Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,
Swears he will shoot no more but play with sparrows,
And be a boy right out.

Cer. High'st queen of state,
Great Juno, comes; I know her by her gait.

Enter Juno.

Juno. How does my bounteous sister? Go with me
To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be,
And honour'd in their issue. [*They sing.*

Juno. Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,
Long continuance, and increasing,
Hourly joys be still upon you!
Juno sings her blessings on you.

Cer. Earthës increase, foison plenty,
Barns and garners never empty;
Vines with clustering bunches growing;
Plants with goodly burthen bowing;

Spring come to you at the farthest
In the very end of harvest!
Scarcity and want shall shun you;
Ceres' blessing so is on you.

Fer. This is a most majestic vision, and
Harmonious charmingly. May I be bold
To think these spirits?

Pros. Spirits, which by mine art
I have from their confines call'd to enact
My present fancies.

Fer. Let me live here ever;
So rare a wonder'd father and a wise
Makes this place Paradise.

[*Juno and Ceres whisper, and send Iris on employment.*

Pros. Sweet, now, silence!
Juno and Ceres whisper seriously;
There 's something else to do: hush, and be mute,
Or else our spell is marr'd.

Iris. You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the windring brooks,
With your sedged crowns and ever-harmless looks,
Leave your crisp channels, and on this green land
Answer your summons; Juno does command:
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love; be not too late.

Enter certain Nymphs.

You sunburn'd sicklemen, of August weary,
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry:
Make holiday; your rye-straw hats put on,
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing.

Enter certain Reapers, properly habited: they join with the Nymphs in a graceful dance; towards the end whereof Prospero starts suddenly, and speaks; after which, to a strange, hollow, and confused noise, they heavily vanish.

Pros. [*Aside*] I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban and his confederates
Against my life: the minute of their plot
Is almost come. [*To the Spirits.*] Well done! avoid; no more!
Fer. This is strange: your father 's in some passion
That works him strongly.
Mir. Never till this day
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.
Pros. You do look, my son, in a moved sort,
As if you were dismay'd: be cheerful, sir.
Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep. Sir, I am vex'd;
Bear with my weakness; my old brain is troubled:
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity:
If you be pleased, retire into my cell,
And there repose: a turn or two I 'll walk,
To still my beating mind.

Fer. Mir. We wish your peace. [*Exeunt.*
Pros. Come with a thought. I thank thee, Ariel: come.

Enter Ariel.

Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to. What 's thy pleasure?
Pros. Spirit,
We must prepare to meet with Caliban.
Ari. Ay, my commander: when I presented Ceres,
I thought to have told thee of it; but I fear'd
Lest I might anger thee.
Pros. Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets?
Ari. I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking;
So full of valour that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground
For kissing of their feet; yet always bending
Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor;
At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears,
Advanced their eyelids, lifted up their noses
As they smelt music: so I charm'd their ears,
That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd through
Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss, and thorns,
Which enter'd their frail shins: at last I left them
I' the filthy-mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake
O'erstunk their feet.
Pros. This was well done, my bird.
Thy shape invisible retain thou still:
The trumpery in my house, go bring it hither,
For stale to catch these thieves.
Ari. I go, I go. [*Exit.*
Pros. A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains,

Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost;
And as with age his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers. I will plague them all,
Even to roaring.

Re-enter Ariel, loaden with glistering apparel, etc.

Come, hang them on this line.

Prospero and Ariel remain invisible.

Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, all wet.

Cal. Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not
Hear a foot fall: we now are near his cell.
Ste. Monster, your fairy, which you say is a harmless fairy, has done little better than played the Jack with us.
Trin. Monster, I do smell all horse-piss; at which my nose is in great indignation.
Ste. So is mine. Do you hear, monster? If I should take a displeasure against you, look you,—
Trin. Thou wert but a lost monster.
Cal. Good my lord, give me thy favour still.
Be patient, for the prize I 'll bring thee to
Shall hoodwink this mischance: therefore speak softly.
All 's hush'd as midnight yet.
Trin. Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool,—
Ste. There is not only disgrace and dishonour in that, monster, but an infinite loss.
Trin. That 's more to me than my wetting: yet this is your harmless fairy, monster.
Ste. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for my labour.
Cal. Prithee, my king, be quiet. See'st thou here,

This is the mouth o' the cell: no noise, and enter.
Do that good mischief which may make this island
Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban,
For aye thy foot-licker.

Ste. Give me thy hand. I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

Trin. O King Stephano! O peer! O worthy Stephano! look what a wardrobe here is for thee!

Cal. Let it alone, thou fool; it is but trash.

Trin. O, ho, monster! we know what belongs to a frippery. O King Stephano!

Ste. Put off that gown, Trinculo; by this hand, I 'll have that gown.

Trin. Thy grace shall have it.

Cal. The dropsy drown this fool! what do you mean
To dote thus on such luggage? Let 's alone,
And do the murder first: if he awake,
From toe to crown he 'll fill our skins with pinches,
Make us strange stuff.

Ste. Be you quiet, monster. Mistress line, is not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the line: now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair, and prove a bald jerkin.

Trin. Do, do: we steal by line and level, and 't like your grace.

Ste. I thank thee for that jest; here 's a garment for 't: wit shall not go unrewarded while I am king of this country. 'Steal by line and level' is an excellent pass of pate; there 's another garment for 't.

Trin. Monster, come, put some lime upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

Cal. I will have none on 't; we shall lose our time,
And all be turn'd to barnacles, or to apes
With foreheads villanous low.

Ste. Monster, lay-to your fingers: help to bear this away where my hogshead of wine is, or I 'll turn you out of my kingdom: go to, carry this.

Trin. And this.

Ste. Ay, and this.

A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits, in shape of dogs and hounds, hunting them about; Prospero and Ariel setting them on.

Pros. Hey, Mountain, hey!

Ari. Silver! there it goes, Silver!

Pros. Fury, Fury! there, Tyrant, there! hark, hark!

[*Cal., Ste., and Trin. are driven out.*

Go charge my goblins that they grind their joints
With dry convulsions; shorten up their sinews
With aged cramps; and more pinch-spotted make them
Than pard or cat o' mountain.

Ari. Hark, they roar!

Pros. Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour
Lies at my mercy all mine enemies:
Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt have the air at freedom: for a little
Follow, and do me service. [*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

Before the cell of Prospero.

Enter Prospero in his magic robes, and Ariel.

Pros. Now does my project gather to a head:
My charms crack not; my spirits obey; and time
Goes upright with his carriage. How 's the day?

Ari. On the sixth hour: at which time, my lord,
You said our work should cease.

Pros. I did say so,
When first I raised the tempest. Say, my spirit,
How fares the king and 's followers?

Ari. Confined together
In the same fashion as you gave in charge,
Just as you left them; all prisoners, sir,
In the line-grove which weather-fends your cell;
They cannot budge till your release. The king,
His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted,
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brimful of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly
Him that you term'd, sir, 'The good old lord, Gonzalo';
His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops
From eaves of reeds. Your charm so strongly works 'em,
That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.

Pros. Dost thou think so, spirit?

Ari. Mine would, sir, were I human.

Pros. And mine shall.
Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,
Passion as they, be kindlier moved than thou art?
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,
Yet with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury
Do I take part: the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further. Go release them, Ariel:
My charms I 'll break, their senses I 'll restore,
And they shall be themselves.

Ari. I 'll fetch them, sir. [*Exit.*

Pros. Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves;
And ye that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him
When he comes back; you demi-puppets that
By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrumps, that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid—
Weak masters though ye be—I have bedimm'd
The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azured vault
Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt; the strong-based promontory
Have I made shake, and by the spurs pluck'd up
The pine and cedar: graves at my command
Have waked their sleepers, oped, and let 'em forth

By my so potent art. But this rough magic
I here abjure; and, when I have required
Some heavenly music,—which even now I do,—
To work mine end upon their senses, that
This airy charm is for, I 'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And deeper than did ever plummet sound
I 'll drown my book. [*Solemn music.*

Re-enter Ariel before: then Alonso, with a frantic gesture, attended by Gonzalo; Sebastian and Antonio in like manner, attended by Adrian and Francisco: they all enter the circle which Prospero had made, and there stand charmed; which Prospero observing, speaks:

A solemn air, and the best comforter
To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains,
Now useless, boil'd within thy skull! There stand,
For you are spell-stopp'd.
Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,
Mine eyes, even sociable to the show of thine,
Fall fellowly drops. The charm dissolves apace;
And as the morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reason. O good Gonzalo,
My true preserver, and a loyal sir
To him thou follow'st! I will pay thy graces
Home both in word and deed. Most cruelly
Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter:
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act.
Thou art pinch'd for 't now, Sebastian. Flesh and blood,

You, brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
Expell'd remorse and nature; who, with Sebastian,—
Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong,—
Would here have kill'd your king; I do forgive thee,
Unnatural though thou art. Their understanding
Begins to swell; and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shore,
That now lies foul and muddy. Not one of them
That yet looks on me, or would know me: Ariel,
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell:
I will discase me, and myself present
As I was sometime Milan: quickly, spirit;
Thou shalt ere long be free.

Ariel sings and helps to attire him.

Ari. Where the bee sucks, there suck I:
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Pros. Why, that 's my dainty Ariel! I shall miss thee;
But yet thou shalt have freedom: so, so, so.
To the king's ship, invisible as thou art:
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
Under the hatches; the master and the boatswain
Being awake, enforce them to this place,
And presently, I prithee.

Ari. I drink the air before me, and return
Or ere your pulse twice beat. [*Exit.*

Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder and amazement

Inhabits here: some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!

Pros. Behold, sir king,
The wronged Duke of Milan, Prospero:
For more assurance that a living prince
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body;
And to thee and thy company I bid
A hearty welcome.

Alon. Whether thou be'st he or no,
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know: thy pulse
Beats, as of flesh and blood; and, since I saw thee,
The affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a madness held me: this must crave—
An if this be at all—a most strange story.
Thy dukedom I resign, and do entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs.—But how should Prospero
Be living and be here?

Pros. First, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age, whose honour cannot
Be measured or confined.

Gon. Whether this be
Or be not, I 'll not swear.

Pros. You do yet taste
Some subtilties o' the isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain. Welcome, my friends all!
[*Aside to Seb. and Ant.*] But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,
I here could pluck his highness' frown upon you,
And justify you traitors: at this time
I will tell no tales.

Seb. [*Aside*] The devil speaks in him.
Pros. No.
For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest fault,—all of them; and require
My dukedom of thee, which perforce, I know,
Thou must restore.
Alon. If thou be'st Prospero,
Give us particulars of thy preservation;
How thou hast met us here, who three hours since
Were wreck'd upon this shore; where I have lost—
How sharp the point of this remembrance is!—
My dear son Ferdinand.
Pros. I am woe for 't, sir.
Alon. Irreparable is the loss; and patience
Says it is past her cure.
Pros. I rather think
You have not sought her help, of whose soft grace
For the like loss I have her sovereign aid,
And rest myself content.
Alon. You the like loss!
Pros. As great to me as late; and, supportable
To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker
Than you may call to comfort you, for I
Have lost my daughter.
Alon. A daughter?
O heavens, that they were living both in Naples,
The king and queen there! that they were, I wish
Myself were mudded in that oozy bed
Where my son lies. When did you lose your daughter?
Pros. In this last tempest. I perceive, these lords

At this encounter do so much admire,
That they devour their reason, and scarce think
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath: but, howsoe'er you have
Been justled from your senses, know for certain
That I am Prospero, and that very duke
Which was thrust forth of Milan; who most strangely
Upon this shore, where you were wreck'd, was landed,
To be the lord on 't. No more yet of this;
For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfast, nor
Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir;
This cell 's my court: here have I few attendants,
And subjects none abroad: pray you, look in.
My dukedom since you have given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing;
At least bring forth a wonder, to content ye
As much as me my dukedom.

Here Prospero discovers Ferdinand and Miranda playing at chess.

Mir. Sweet lord, you play me false.

Fer. No, my dear'st love,
I would not for the world.

Mir. Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should wrangle,
And I would call it fair play.

Alon. If this prove
A vision of the island, one dear son
Shall I twice lose.

Seb. A most high miracle!

Fer. Though the seas threaten, they are merciful;
I have cursed them without cause. [*Kneels.*
Alon. Now all the blessings
Of a glad father compass thee about!
Arise, and say how thou camest here.
Mir. O, wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
That has such people in 't!
Pros. 'Tis new to thee.
Alon. What is this maid with whom thou wast at play?
Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours:
Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,
And brought us thus together?
Fer. Sir, she is mortal;
But by immortal Providence she 's mine:
I chose her when I could not ask my father
For his advice, nor thought I had one. She
Is daughter to this famous Duke of Milan,
Of whom so often I have heard renown,
But never saw before; of whom I have
Received a second life; and second father
This lady makes him to me.
Alon. I am hers:
But, O, how oddly will it sound that I
Must ask my child forgiveness!
Pros. There, sir, stop:
Let us not burthen our remembrances with
A heaviness that 's gone.
Gon. I have inly wept,
Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you gods,
And on this couple drop a blessed crown!

For it is you that have chalk'd forth the way
Which brought us hither.

Alon. I say, Amen, Gonzalo!

Gon. Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue
Should become kings of Naples? O, rejoice
Beyond a common joy! and set it down
With gold on lasting pillars: In one voyage
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis,
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife
Where he himself was lost, Prospero his dukedom
In a poor isle, and all of us ourselves
When no man was his own.

Alon. [*To Fer. and Mir.*] Give me your hands:
Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart
That doth not wish you joy!

Gon. Be it so! Amen!

Re-enter Ariel, with the Master and Boatswain amazedly following.

O, look, sir, look, sir! here is more of us:
I prophesied, if a gallows were on land,
This fellow could not drown. Now, blasphemy,
That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on shore?
Hast thou no mouth by land? What is the news?

Boats. The best news is, that we have safely found
Our king and company; the next, our ship—
Which, but three glasses since, we gave out split—
Is tight and yare and bravely rigg'd, as when
We first put out to sea.

Ari. [*Aside to Pros.*] Sir, all this service
Have I done since I went.

Pros. [*Aside to Ari.*] My tricksy spirit!

Alon. These are not natural events; they strengthen
From strange to stranger. Say, how came you hither?

Boats. If I did think, sir, I were well awake,
I 'ld strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep,
And—how we know not—all clapp'd under hatches;
Where, but even now, with strange and several noises
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains,
And mo diversity of sounds, all horrible,
We were awaked; straightway, at liberty;
Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld
Our royal, good, and gallant ship; our master
Capering to eye her:—on a trice, so please you,
Even in a dream, were we divided from them,
And were brought moping hither.

Ari. [*Aside to Pros.*] Was 't well done?

Pros. [*Aside to Ari.*] Bravely, my diligence. Thou shalt be free.

Alon. This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod;
And there is in this business more than nature
Was ever conduct of: some oracle
Must rectify our knowledge.

Pros. Sir, my liege,
Do not infest your mind with beating on
The strangeness of this business; at pick'd leisure
Which shall be shortly, single I 'll resolve you,
Which to you shall seem probable, of every
These happen'd accidents; till when, be cheerful,
And think of each thing well. [*Aside to Ari.*] Come hither, spirit:
Set Caliban and his companions free;
Untie the spell. [*Exit Ariel.*] How fares my gracious sir?

There are yet missing of your company
Some few odd lads that you remember not.

Re-enter Ariel, driving in Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, in their stolen apparel.

Ste. Every man shift for all the rest, and let no man take care for himself; for all is but fortune. —Coragio, bully-monster, coragio!

Trin. If these be true spies which I wear in my head, here 's a goodly sight.

Cal. O Setebos, these be brave spirits indeed!
How fine my master is! I am afraid
He will chastise me.

Seb. Ha, ha!
What things are these, my lord Antonio?
Will money buy 'em?

Ant. Very like; one of them
Is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable.

Pros. Mark but the badges of these men, my lords,
Then say if they be true. This mis-shapen knave,
His mother was a witch; and one so strong
That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs,
And deal in her command, without her power.
These three have robb'd me; and this demi-devil—
For he 's a bastard one—had plotted with them
To take my life. Two of these fellows you
Must know and own; this thing of darkness I
Acknowledge mine.

Cal. I shall be pinch'd to death.

Alon. Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?

Seb. He is drunk now: where had he wine?

Alon. And Trinculo is reeling ripe: where should they

Find this grand liquor that hath gilded 'em?—
How camest thou in this pickle?

Trin. I have been in such a pickle, since I saw you last, that, I fear me, will never out of my bones: I shall not fear fly-blowing.

Seb. Why, how now, Stephano!

Ste. O, touch me not;—I am not Stephano, but a cramp.

Pros. You 'ld be king o' the isle, sirrah?

Ste. I should have been a sore one, then.

Alon. This is a strange thing as e'er I look'd on.

[*Pointing to Caliban.*

Pros. He is as disproportion'd in his manners
As in his shape. Go, sirrah, to my cell;
Take with you your companions; as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

Cal. Ay, that I will; and I 'll be wise hereafter,
And seek for grace. What a thrice-double ass
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,
And worship this dull fool!

Pros. Go to; away!

Alon. Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found it.

Seb. Or stole it, rather.

[*Exeunt Cal., Ste., and Trin.*

Pros. Sir, I invite your Highness and your train
To my poor cell, where you shall take your rest
For this one night; which, part of it, I 'll waste
With such discourse as, I not doubt, shall make it
Go quick away: the story of my life,
And the particular accidents gone by
Since I came to this isle: and in the morn
I 'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,
Where I have hope to see the nuptial

Of these our dear-beloved solemnized;
And thence retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.
Alon. I long
To hear the story of your life, which must
Take the ear strangely.
Pros. I 'll deliver all;
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
And sail so expeditious, that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off. [*Aside to Ari.*] My Ariel, chick,
That is thy charge: then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well! Please you, draw near.
[*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Prospero.

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,
And what strength I have 's mine own,
Which is most faint: now, 'tis true,
I must be here confined by you,
Or sent to Naples. Let me not,
Since I have my dukedom got,
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare island by your spell;
But release me from my bands
With the help of your good hands:
Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,

Which was to please. Now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant;
And my ending is despair,
Unless I be relieved by prayer,
Which pierces so, that it assaults
Mercy itself, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence set me free. 20

A Galleon of the Sixteenth Century.

Glossary.

A = on; II. i. 185.
Abuse, deceive; V. i. 112.
Achës (dissyllabic, pronounced "aitches," like the letter H); I. ii. 370.
Admire, wonder; V. i. 154.
Advance, raise, lift up; I. ii. 408.
Adventure, to risk; II. i. 187.
After, afterwards; II. ii. 10.
Again, again and again; I. ii. 390.
A-hold; "to lay a ship a-hold," *i.e.* "to bring a ship close to the wind so as to hold or keep her to it"; I. i. 49.
Amazement, anguish; I. ii. 14.
Amen, used probably in the sense of "again!" or perhaps merely with the force of "many"; others render it "hold, stop!" II. ii. 98.
An, if; II. i. 181.
Angle, corner; I. ii. 223.
Argier, Algiers; I. ii. 261.
As, as if; II. i. 121.
Aspersion, sprinkling of rain or dew (with an allusion perhaps to the ceremony of sprinkling the marriage-bed with holy water); IV. i. 18.
Attached, seized; III. iii. 5.
Avoid, begone; IV. i. 142.

Backward, distant, past; I. ii. 50.
Badges; "household servants usually wore on their arms, as part of their livery, silver 'badges' whereon the shield of their masters was engraved"; V. i. 267.
Barefoot (used adjectively); II. ii. 11.
Barnacles, barnacle geese; "it was formerly thought that the barnacle shell-fish, which is found on timber exposed

From the Harleian MSS., XIV. cent.

to the action of the sea, became when broken off a kind of goose. Sometimes it is related that the barnacles grew on trees and thence, dropping into the sea, became geese" (*cf.* Sir John Maundevile's *Travels*); IV. i. 249.

Base, utter in a deep bass; III. iii. 99.

Bat-fowling, a term used for catching birds by night; thence the name of a thieves' trick for plundering shops about dusk by pretending to have lost a jewel near; II. i. 185.

Beak, bow (of a ship); I. ii. 196.

Bear up, i.e. take your course, sail up; III. ii. 3.

Bermoothes, i.e. Bermudas; "said and supposed to be inchanted and inhabited with witches and deuills, which grew by reason of accustomed monstrous thunder, storme, and tempest," etc. Stow's Annals; I. ii. 229.

Berries, see Notes; I. ii. 334.

Blue-eyed, with blueness about the eyes, with livid eyelids; I. ii. 269.

Boil'd (*ff.* '*boile,*' Pope's correction), frenzied; V. i. 60.

Bombard, "black jack" of leather; II. ii. 21. (*Cp.* illustration.)

From a specimen (no longer extant) at Flixton Hall, Suffolk.

Bootless, profitless; I. ii. 35.

Bosky, wooded; IV. i. 81.

Bourn, boundary; II. i. 152.

Brave, fine; I. ii. 411.

Bring to try; "to lay the ship with her side close to the wind, and lash the tiller to the lee side"; I. i. 35.

Broom-groves, rich copses of broom (*Spartium scoparium*); or perhaps woods overgrown with *genista,* pathless woods; IV. i. 66.

Budge, stir; V. i. 11.

Burthen, undersong; I. ii. 381.

But, except that; I. ii. 414; otherwise than, I. ii. 119.

By and by, immediately; III. ii. 156.

Can, is able to make; IV. i. 27.

Candied, converted into sugar, (?) congealed; II. i. 279 (*v.* Notes).

Capable, retentive; I. ii. 353.

Capering, jumping for joy; V. i. 238.

Carriage, burden; V. i. 3.

Case, condition; III. ii. 29.
Cast, to throw up; perhaps with a play upon "cast" in the sense of "to assign their parts to actors"; II. i. 251.
Cat (with reference to the old proverb that "good liquor will make a cat speak"); II. ii. 86.
Catch, a part-song; III. ii. 126.
Certes, certainly; III. iii. 30.
Chalked forth, i.e. chalked out; V. i. 203.
Cherubin, a cherub; I. ii. 152.
Chirurgeonly, like a surgeon; II. i. 140.
Clear, blameless; III. iii. 82.
Closeness, retirement; I. ii. 90.
Cloudy, gloomy; II. i. 142.
Cockerel, the young cock; II. i. 31.
Coil, turmoil; I. ii. 207.
Come by, to acquire; II. i. 292.
Confederates, conspires; I. ii. 111.
Constant, self-possessed; I. ii. 207; "my stomach is not c.," *i.e.* "is qualmish"; II. ii. 119.
Content, desire, will; II. i. 269.
Control, contradict; I. ii. 439.
Coragio, courage; V. i. 258.
Corollary, a supernumerary, a surplus; IV. i. 57.
Correspondent, responsive, obedient; I. ii. 298.
Courses, the largest lower sails of a ship; I. i. 52.
Crabs, crab-apples; II. ii. 171.
Crack, to burst (with reference to magic bands, or perhaps to the crucibles and alembics of magicians); V. i. 2.
Dear, zealous; I. ii. 179.
Dearest, most precious object; II. i. 135.
Deboshed, debauched; III. ii. 29.
Decked, sprinkled; I. ii. 155.
Deep, profound, wise; II. i. 266.
Deliver, relate; V. i. 313.
Demanded, asked; I. ii. 139.
Dew-lapped, having flesh hanging from the throat (a reference probably to victims of "goitre"), see "*wallets of flesh*"; III. iii. 45.
Dis, Pluto; IV. i. 89.
Discase, undress; V. i. 85.
Discharge, performance, execution; used probably as a technical term of the stage; II. i. 254.
Distempered, excited; IV. i. 145.
Distinctly, separately; I. ii. 200.
Ditty, words of a song; I. ii. 405.
Doit, the smallest piece of money; eighty doits went to a shilling; II. ii. 33.
Dollar, used quibblingly with "dolour"; II. i. 18.
Dowle, a fibre of down; III. iii. 65.
Drawn, having swords drawn; II. i. 308; having taken a good draught; II. ii. 150.
Dregs (with reference to the "liquor of the bombard," I. 21); II. ii. 42.
Drollery, puppet-show; III. iii. 21.
Dry, thirsty; I. ii. 112.

Dulness, stupor; I. ii. 185.

Earth'd, buried in the earth; II. i. 234.
Ebbing; "ebbing men," *i.e.* "men whose fortunes are declining"; II. i. 226.
Ecstasy, mental excitement, madness; III. iii. 108.
Endeavour, laborious effort; II. i. 160.
Engine, instrument of war, military machine; II. i. 161.
Entertainer, perhaps quibblingly interpreted by Gonzalo in the sense of "inn-keeper"; II. i. 17.
Envy, malice; I. ii. 258.
Estate, to grant as a possession; IV. i. 85.
Eye, tinge; II. i. 55.

Fall, to let fall; II. i. 296.
Fearful, timorous; I. ii. 468.
Feater, more becomingly; II. i. 273.
Featly, deftly; I. ii. 380.
Fellows, companions; II. i. 274.
Few; 'in few,' in few words, in short; I. ii. 144.
Fish, to catch at, to seek to obtain; II. i. 104.
Flat, low level ground; II. ii. 2.
Flat-long, as if struck with the side of a sword instead of its edge; II. i. 181.
Flesh-fly, a fly that feeds on flesh and deposits her eggs in it; III. i. 63.
Flote, flood, sea; I. ii. 234.
Foil, disadvantage; III. i. 46.
Foison, plenty; II. i. 163.
Founder'd, disabled by overriding, footsore; IV. i. 30.
Forth-rights, straight paths (*cf.* Notes); III. iii. 3.
Fraughting, freighting; I. ii. 13.
Freshes, springs of fresh water; III. ii. 75.
Frippery, a place where old clothes are sold; IV. i. 225.

From a print dated 1587.

Frustrate, frustrated; III. iii. 10.

Gaberdine, a long coarse outer garment; II. ii. 40.
Gallows; cf. "He that is born to be hanged will never be drowned"; I. i. 30.
Gave out, i.e. gave up; V. i. 213.
Gentle, high-born (and hence "high-spirited"); I. ii. 468.
Gilded, made drunk (an allusion to the *aurum potabile* of the alchemists); V. i. 280.
Gins, begins; III. iii. 106.

Glasses, hour-glasses, *i.e.* runnings of the hour-glass; I. ii. 240, V. i. 223 (*cp.* VI. i. 186, *'three glasses' = 'three hours,'* though the seaman's *'glass'* was usually half an hour).
Glut, to swallow up; I. i. 60.
Grudge, murmur; I. ii. 249.

Heavy; "the heavy offer," i.e. the offer which brings drowsiness; II. i. 194.
Help, cure; II. ii. 97.
Hests, behests; I. ii. 274.
Hint, theme; I. ii. 134; occasion, cause; II. i. 3.
His, its; II. i. 120.
Hoist, hoisted (past tense of "hoise" or "hoist"); I. ii. 148.
Hollowly, insincerely; III. i. 70.
Home, to the utmost, effectively; V. i. 71.
Honeycomb, cells of honeycomb; I. ii. 329.

Ignorant, appertaining to ignorance; "i. fumes" = "fumes of ignorance"; V. i. 67.
Impertinent, irrelevant; I. ii. 138.
Inch-meal, inch by inch; II. ii. 3.
Infest, vex; V. i. 246.
Influence (used in its astrological sense); I. ii. 182.
Infused, endowed; I. ii. 154.
Inherit, take possession; II. ii. 179.
Inly, inwardly; V. i. 200.
Inquisition, enquiry; I. ii. 35.
Invert, change to the contrary; III. i. 70.

Jack; "played the Jack," *i.e.* the knave = "deceived"; IV. i. 198.
Jerkin, a kind of doublet; IV. i. 236.
Justify, prove; V. i. 128.

Key, tuning-key; I. ii. 83.
Kibe, heel-sore; II. i. 276.
Knot (folded arms); I. ii. 224.

Lakin, "Ladykin," or the Virgin Mary; III. iii. 1.
Land, laund, lawn; IV. i. 130.
Lass-lorn, forsaken by his lass; IV. i. 68.
Laughter, possibly used with a double meaning; "lafter" was perhaps the cant name of some small coin; still used provincially for the number of eggs laid by a hen at one time; II. i. 33.
Learning, teaching; I. ii. 366.
Lieu, "in lieu of," *i.e.* in consideration of; I. ii. 123.
Life; "good life," *i.e.* "life-like truthfulness"; III. iii. 86.
Like, similarly; III. iii. 66.
Lime, bird-lime; IV. i. 246.
Line, lime-tree (with punning reference to other meanings of "line" in subsequent portion of the scene); IV. i. 235; *cf.* Note; and "UNDER THE LINE."
Line-grove, lime-grove; V. i. 10.

Liver, regarded as the seat of passion; IV. i. 56.
Loathness, reluctance; II. i. 130.
Lorded, made a lord; I. ii. 97.
Lush, luscious, luxuriant; II. i. 52.
Lusty, vigorous; II. i. 52.

Maid, maid-servant; III. i. 84.
Main-course, the main sail; I. i. 35.
Make, to prove to be; II. i. 265.
Make a man, i.e. make a man's fortune; II. ii. 32.
Manage, government; I. ii. 70.
Marmoset, small monkey; II. ii. 174.
Massy, massive, heavy; III. iii. 67.
Matter, an important matter; II. i. 230.
Meanders, winding paths or (probably) circles (*cf.* Notes); III. iii. 3.
Measure, pass over; II. i. 259.
Meddle, to mingle; I. ii. 22.
Merchant, merchantman ("the master of some merchant"); II. i. 5.
Merely, absolutely; I. i. 55.
Mettle, disposition, ardour; II. i. 182.
Minion, favourite; IV. i. 98.
Miraculous; "the miraculous harp" of Amphion, the music of which razed the walls of Thebes; II. i. 86.
Miss, to do without; I. ii. 312; to fail in aiming at, not to hit; II. i. 40.
Mo, more; II. i. 133.
Momentary, instantaneous; I. ii. 202.
Moon-calf, abortion; II. ii. 111.
Mop, grimace; IV. i. 47.
Morsel, remnant, "a piece of a man" (contemptuously); II. i. 286.
Mount, raise; II. ii. 11.
Mow, grimace; IV. i. 47.
Mow, make grimaces; II. ii. 9.
Much; "to think it much," to reckon it as excessive, to grudge; I. ii. 252.
Mum, hush; III. ii. 59.
Muse, wonder at; III. iii. 36.

Natural, idiot; III. ii. 37.
Nature, natural affection; V. i. 76.
Neat, horned beast; II. ii. 73.
Nerves, sinews; I. ii. 484.
Nimble, excitable; II. i. 173.
Ninny, simpleton; III. ii. 71.
Nobody, an Elizabethan sign; probably a direct allusion to

From the title-page of the comedy of "*No-body and Some-body*, with the *true Chronicle Historie of Elidure*" (before 1600).

the print of *No-body*, prefixed to the anonymous comedy of *No-body and Some-body* (printed before 1600), or to the engraving on the old ballad, called the *Well-Spoken Nobody*; III. ii. 136.

Nook, bay; I. ii. 227.

Note, information; II. i. 248.

Nothing, nonsense; II. i. 170.

Observation, attention to detail; III. iii. 87.

Occasion, critical opportunity; II. i. 307.

Odd, out-of-the-way; I. ii. 223.

O'er, over again; "trebles thee o'er," *i.e.* "makes thee three times as great"; II. i. 221.

O'erprized, surpassed in value; I. ii. 92.

Of, as a consequence of; or = on, *i.e.* "of sleep" = "asleep"; V. i. 230.

Omit, neglect; I. ii. 183; II. i. 194.

On, of; I. ii. 87; IV. i. 157.

Ooze, bottom of the sea; I. ii. 252.

Or, ere; "or ere" (a reduplication); I. ii. 11.

Out, completely; I. ii. 41.

Overblown, blown over; II. ii. 114.

Overtopping, outrunning; I. ii. 81.

Owed, owned; III. i. 45.

Owes, owns; I. ii. 407.

Own; "no man was his o.," *i.e.* "master of himself, in his senses"; V. i. 213.

Painful, laborious; III. i. 1.

Pains, tasks; I. ii. 242.

Paphos, a city in Cyprus, one of the favourite seats of Venus; IV. i. 93.

Pass, thrust (a term of fencing), sally; IV. i. 244.

Passion, suffering, grief; I. ii. 392.

Passion, to feel pain or sorrow; V. i. 24.

Patch, fool, jester; III. ii. 71.

Pate; "pass of pate" = "sally of wit"; IV. i. 244.

Paunch, run through the paunch; III. ii. 98.

Pay, repay; "to pay home" = "to repay to the utmost"; V. i. 70.

Pertly, briskly; IV. i. 58.

Piece, "perfect specimen"; I. ii. 56.

Pied, motley-coated; III. ii. 71.

Pig-nuts, earth-nuts; II. ii. 172.

Pioned, (?) "overgrown with marsh-marigold" (still called "peony" in the neighbourhood of Stratford); IV. i. 64 (*cf.* Note).

Plantation, colonisation; interpreted by Antonio in the ordinary sense; II. i. 143.

Play, act the part of; "play the men," *i.e.* behave like men; I. i. 10.

Point, detail; "to point," in every detail; I. ii. 194.

Pole-clipt, with poles clipt, or embraced, by the vines; IV. i. 68.

Poor-John, a cant name for hake salted and dried; II. ii. 28.

Premises, conditions; I. ii. 123.
Presented, represented; IV. i. 167.
Presently, immediately; I. ii. 125; IV. i. 42.
Princess' (Ff. princesse), princesses; I. ii. 173.
Profess, to make it one's business; II. i. 236.
Profit, to profit; I. ii. 172.
Provision, foresight; I. ii. 28.
Purchased, acquired, won; IV. i. 14.
Putter-out; "p. of five for one," one who invests, *puts out,* a sum of money before leaving home, on condition of receiving five times the amount on his return, *i.e.* "at the rate of five for one" (*cf.* "*put forth some five thousand pounds to be paid me, five for one, upon the return of myself, my wife, and my dog from the Turk's court at Constantinople*"; *E. Man out of His Humour,* II. i.); III. iii. 48.

Quaint, adroit, trim, excellent; I. ii. 317.
Quality, skill; I. ii. 193.
Quick, living, fresh; III. ii. 75.
Quickens, gives life to; III. i. 6.

Rabble, company, crowd (not used slightingly); IV. i. 37.
Race, breed; I. ii. 358.
Rack, floating cloud; IV. i. 156.
Rate, estimation; I. ii. 92; reckoning; II. i. 109.
Razorable, ready for shaving; II. i. 250.
Rear, raise; II. i. 295.
Reason. what is reasonable; III. ii. 128.
Reasonable: "reasonable shore," *i.e.* "shore of reason"; V. i. 81.
Recover, restore; II. ii. 71, 79, 97.
Reeling-ripe, "in a state of intoxication sufficiently advanced for reeling"; V. i. 279.
Release; "till your release" = till you release them; V. i. 11.
Remember, commemorate; I. ii. 405; remind; I. ii. 243.
Remembrance, the faculty of remembering; II. i. 232.
Remorse, pity; V. i. 76.
Requit, requited; III. iii. 71.
Resolve, explain to; V. i. 248.
Rid, destroy; I. ii. 364.
Room, sea-room; I. i. 8.
Rounded; "the whole round of life has its beginning and end in a sleep"; IV. i. 158.

Sack, a name applied to certain white wines of Spain; II. ii. 126.
Sanctimonious, holy; IV. i. 16.
Sans, without; I. ii. 97.
Scamels; folio reading, here changed to "seamews"; *cf.* Notes; II. ii. 176.
Scandal'd, scandalous; IV. i. 90.
Securing, guarding; II. i. 310.
Sedged, made of sedges; IV. i. 129.

Sense, feelings; II. i. 107.
Sensible, sensitive; II. i. 173.
Setebos, the god of Sycorax (said to be the chief god of the Patagonians); I. ii. 373; V. i. 261.
Sets off, i.e. shows to the best advantage; III. i. 2.
Several, separate; III. i. 42.
Shak'd, shook; II. i. 319.
Shroud, take shelter; II. ii. 42.
Siege, stool, excrement; II. ii. 110.
Single, (1) solitary, (2) feeble; I. ii. 432.
Skilless, ignorant; III. i. 53.
Sociable, companionable, being in close sympathy; V. i. 63.
Something, somewhat; I. ii. 414.
Sometime, sometimes; I. ii. 198.
Sore (used quibblingly); V. i. 288.
Sort; possibly a punning allusion to "sort" = "lot"; II. i. 104.
Sot, fool; III. ii. 101.
Soundly, thoroughly, smartly; II. ii. 81.
South-west; "a south-west," *i.e.* a south-west wind (charged with the noxious breath of the Gulf-Stream); I. ii. 323.
Speak, to proclaim; II. i. 8.
Sphere, orbit; II. i. 183.
Spoon; "long spoon," an allusion to old proverb that "he must have a long spoon that must eat with the devil"; II. ii. 103.
Spiriting, the service done by a sprite; I. ii. 298.
Spurs, spreading roots; V. i. 47.
Stain, to disfigure; I. ii. 414.
Standard, standard-bearer, ensign; III. ii. 18 (quibble on "standard" and "stander"); III. ii. 19.
Standing; "standing water," *i.e.* water neither ebbing nor flowing; II. i. 221.
Steaded, stood in good stead; I. ii. 165.
Still-closing, constantly closing again; III. iii. 64.
Still-vexed, ever troubled; I. ii. 229.
Stock-fish, dried cod; III. ii. 79.
Stomach, courage, I. ii. 157; appetite, inclination; II. i. 107.
Stover, fodder for cattle; IV. i. 63.
Strange, rare; III. iii. 87.
Strangely, wonderfully; IV. i. 7.
Study, to give thought and attention to, to wonder; II. i. 81.
Substitution, deputyship; I. ii. 103.
Subtilties; the word "subtility" was borrowed from the language of cookery, and denoted a device in pastry, hence "illusion"; V. i. 124.
Sudden, swift; II. i. 306.
Suffered, i.e. suffered death; II. ii. 38.
Suggestion, prompting, hint (*cf.* villainy); II. i. 288.

Sustaining, bearing (them) up; I. ii. 218.

Tabor and pipe, from Brit. Mus. MSS., Add. 12228.

Swabber, one who sweeps or swabs the deck of a ship; II. ii. 48.

Tabor, a small drum used for festivities; IV. i. 175.

Taborer, a player on a tabor; III. ii. 160.

Tackle, ropes; I. ii. 147.

Talking, saying; II. i. 96.

Tang, shrill sound; II. ii. 52.

Taste, experience; V. i. 123.

Teen, grief; I. ii. 64.

From the basement of a tomb in the Church of Folleville (Dept. of the Somme).

Tell, to count (the strokes of the clock); II. i. 15.

Temperance, temperature; Temperance, like Charity, used as a proper name; "*Temperance was a delicate wench*"; II. i. 42, 43.

Tender, to regard; II. i. 270.

Thatched, covered, strewn; IV. i. 6.

Third = thrid, thread; IV. i. 3.

Throe, to cause pain; II. i. 231.

Throughly, thoroughly; III. iii. 14.

Tilth, tillage; II. i. 152.

To, for, as; II. i. 75; in comparison with; II. i. 178.

Tend, attend; I. i. 6.

Trash, to check the speed of hounds when too forward; I. ii. 81.

Trebles; "tr. thee o'er," *i.e.* "makes thee thrice what thou art"; II. i. 221.

Trembling, the "*tremor*" which is represented to be a sign of being possessed by the devil; II. ii. 83.

Trencher (*first Folio,* trenchering, due to the previous words ining); II. ii. 187.

Trice; "on a tr.," i.e. "in an instant"; V. i. 238.

Tricksy, sportive; V. i. 226.

Trifle, phantom; V. i. 112.

Troll, run glibly over (perhaps "sing irregularly"); III. ii. 126.

Twilled, (?) covered with reeds or sedges; IV. i. 64 (*cf.* Note).

Twink, a twinkling; IV. i. 43.

Under the line; probably a term in tennis; "to strike (the ball) under the line" = "to lose the game"; IV. i. 236 (*cf.* Note and Line).

Undergoing, enduring; I. ii. 157.

Unicorn (with allusion to its proverbial ferocity); III. iii. 22.

MSS. Brit. Mus., Add. 11390.

Unstanched, incontinent; I. i. 48.
Up-staring, standing on end; I. ii. 213.
Urchins, hedgehogs, hobgoblins; I. ii. 326.
Urchin-shows, elfin apparitions; II. ii. 5.
Use, to be accustomed; II. i. 175.

Vanity, illusion; IV. i. 41.
Vast, silent void, or vacancy (of night); I. ii. 327.
Verily, true; II. i. 321.
Virgin-knot; alluding to the girdle worn by maidens in ancient times; IV. i. 15.
Visitation, affliction (as of a plague); III. i. 32.
Visitor, priestly visitant, "consolator"; II. i. 11.
Vouched, warranted; II. i. 60.

Waist, the part of a ship between the quarter-deck and the forecastle; I. ii. 197.
Wallets of flesh, alluding to the strange appearance of the goitre (*cf.* "*dew-lapped*").

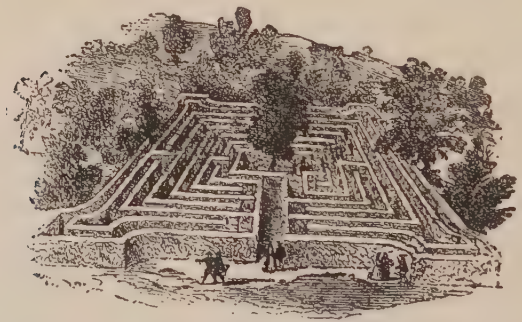
A Tyrolese peasant with a goitre [(from a sketch by G. Herring) Knight].

Ward, attitude of defence; I. ii. 471.
Weather, storm; I. i. 37.
Weather-fends, defends from the weather; V. i. 10.
Weighed, considered, pondered; II. i. 130.
Wench (used as a term of endearment); I. ii. 139, 412.
Wezand, windpipe; III. ii. 99.
When (an exclamation of impatience); I. ii. 316.
While-ere, short time since; III. ii. 127.
Whist, hushed, silent; I. ii. 379.
Wicked, baneful; I. ii. 321.
Wide-chapped, opening the mouth wide; I. i. 56.
Windring (not found elsewhere) (?) "winding" or "wandering"; IV. i. 128.
Wink, the act of closing the eye, II. i. 285 (a short distance measured by a "wink"; II. i. 242).

Wink, to close the eyes; II. i. 216.
Wisest; "after the wisest," i.e. "in the wisest fashion"; II. ii. 77.
Woe, sorry; V. i. 139.
Works, affects; IV. i. 144.
Wound, twined about; II. ii. 13.
Wrangle, contend, quarrel; V. i. 174.
Wrong; "to do oneself wrong," *i.e.* "to be much mistaken"; I. ii. 443.

Yare, ready! I. i. 6; I. i. 34.
Yarely, alertly; I. i. 3.
Yond, there; I. ii. 409.
Your (= subjective genitive); V. i. 11.

Zenith, the highest point of one's fortune; I. ii. 181.



A Maze; *see* Note III. iii. 2.
Projected from an engraving in *The Country Housewife's Garden* (1617).

Critical Notes.

BY ISRAEL GOLLANCZ.

I. i. 68. *'long heath, brown furze'*; so the folios; Hanmer's emendation has been generally accepted:—'ling, heath, broom, furze.'

I. ii. 24. *'my magic garment'*; the magician's mantle, circle, and book (*cp.* Act V.) are well illustrated by the following wood-cut:—

From the History of Doctor John Faustus (1664).

I. ii. 100. *'Who having into truth'*; 'into,' used in the sense of 'unto,' and so emended in most editions; the sentence though very involved is intelligible without any alteration; 'into truth' depends upon 'a sinner'; and 'it' refers vaguely to 'his own lie'; 'to credit' = 'as to credit.'

I. ii. 169. *'Now I arise'*; probably derived from astrology; 'now my star is in the ascendant'; it should be noted that the stage direction 'Resumes his mantle' is not in the Folios.

I. ii. 266. *'for one thing she did'*; Shakespeare does not tell us what he refers to here; perhaps he merely added the point in

order to account for her preservation, or the incident may have been mentioned in his original. I am, however, strongly inclined to suggest that there is no mystery about the passage; the 'one thing she did' probably anticipates 'hither brought with child'; for that reason alone her life was spared.

I. ii. 333. *'stroakst me and made,'* so Folios; Rowe, 'strokedst me and madest,' so Camb. Ed. and Mod. Edd. generally.

I. ii. 334. *'Water with berries in 't;'* Mr. W. G. Gosling quotes the following striking parallel from Strachey's Narrative:—"They are full of shaws of goodly cedars . . . The berries whereof our men straining, and letting stand some three or four daies, made a kind of pleasant drink."

I. ii. 378, 379. *'kiss'd The wild waves whist'*; so the Folios; *i.e.* 'Kissed the wild waves into silence;' often printed with a comma after 'kissed.'

I. ii. 461. *'I'll manacle thy neck and feet together:'* specimens of this form of torture are preserved in the Tower of London. Knight gives the accompanying illustrative sketch.

II. i. 5. *'The masters of some merchant'*; *ie.* 'the owners of some merchantman'; Steevens suggested 'mistress' (old spelling 'maistres'); the Cambridge editors 'masters' (*i.e.* 'master's wife).

II. i. 12. *'he's winding up the watch of his wit; by and by it will strike'*; watches that struck the hours were known as early as the commencement of the XVIth century; the striking portion of the accompanying specimen is an alarum which acts to any hour at option.

From the collection belonging to the late R. Bernal.

II. i. 27. *'which, of he or Adrian'*; 'he' for 'him,' used somewhat substantively, probably owing to the use of the word in the previous sentence, 'he will be talking.'

II. i. 35, 36. The Folios read: 'Seb. *Ha, ha, ha!* Ant. *So, you're paid.*' Theobald gives the whole line to Sebastian; and his reading is adopted by the Camb. Ed. Possibly a better emendation is the transposition of the prefixes to the speeches; the point of the quibble is no doubt the old proverb 'let them laugh that win. Capell ingeniously suggested that the Folio reading should stand, with the slight change of 'you 've paid' for 'you 're paid.'

II. i. 127. '*who hath cause*'; the antecedent of 'who' is most probably 'she'; some make the relative refer to 'eye,' *i.e.* 'which hath cause to weep.'

II. i. 131. '*should bow*'; so Folios; seemingly unnecessary corrections have been made, *e.g.* 'she 'd bow'; 'which end the beam should bow'; the omission of the pronoun 'it' or 'she' before 'should' can easily be paralleled in Shakespeare.

II. i. 243. '*But doubt discovery there*'; *i.e.* 'Cannot but doubt that anything can be discovered there.'

II. i. 250. '*she that from whom*'; the unnecessary 'that' is perhaps intentionally repeated, owing to the previous repetition of 'she that.'

II. i. 279. '*candied*'; generally explained as 'sugared over, and so insensible; congealed;' perhaps a better interpretation is 'made sweet as sugar,' as in the phrase 'the candied tongue.' Is Antonio possibly playing on 'candied' and 'candid' (a word not yet fully naturalized in the language, but probably familiar)?

II. ii. 28. '*A strange fish! Were I in England now, as once I was, and had but this fish painted,*' etc; an allusion to the popularity of exhibitions of strange monsters, to which there are many allusions in contemporary records. The accompanying drawing is from a print of the time of Charles I.

From Topsell's "*Historie of Foure-Footed Beastes, describing the true and lively figure of every Beast*," 1607.

II. ii. 67. '*This is some monster of the isle with four legs*'; Shakespeare's contemporaries were familiar with descriptions of strange four-footed creatures: perhaps Topsell's famous '*Historie*' was in Stephano's mind.

II. ii. 80. '*I will not take too much for him;*' *i.e.* 'I will take as much as I can possibly get.'

II. ii. 176. '*seamews*'; Fol. '*scamels,*' so Camb. Ed.: but the word is in all probability an error for 'seamells' or 'seamews,' referred to in Strachey and Jourdan's accounts of the Bermudas:—"a kind of web-footed fowle of the bignesse of a sea-mew" (Quoted by W. G. Gosling). Many emendations have been made; 'staniel' (a species of hawk) has been adopted by some editors; the word occurs probably in *Twelfth Night* (II. v. 124), though the editions read 'stallion.' Mr. Wright has, however, pointed out that, according to Stevenson's "Birds of Norfolk," "the female 'Bar-tailed Godwit' is called a 'Scamell' by the gunners of Blakeney."

III. i. 15. '*Most busy least, when I do it*'; the first folio retained by Camb. Ed. "most busy lest, when I do it." Various readings have been suggested; Pope, 'least busy when I do it'; Theobald, 'most busie-less when I do it'; Holt, 'most busiest, when I do it'; Spedding, 'most busiest when idlest,' etc., etc. It seems likely that the reading of the second, third, and fourth folios throws light on the real meaning of the line:—'most busy least, when I do it'; *i.e.* 'most busy when I indulge my thoughts, least busy when I am actually at work.' A comma after 'busy' instead of after 'least' would simplify this reading, but it is possible to understand it as punctuated in the folios; Shakespeare probably wished to make the superlatives as antithetical as possible; perhaps we should read 'labour' for 'labours.'

III. iii. 2. '*here's a maze trod, indeed, Through forth-rights and meanders*'; *i.e.* prob. 'through straight lines and circles, one of the most usual forms of the maze,' according to Halliwell, who gives the engraving of one, from a collection in the *Maison Rus-*

tique, or the Country Farme, 4to, Lond. 1606. According to other commentators, 'meanders' = meandering paths, without absolutely reference to 'circles.' (See engraving at the end of Glossary.)

III. iii. 39. '*Praise in departing*'; a proverbial expression: "stay your praises till you see how your entertainment will end."

III. iii. 52. '*Ariel, like a harpy*'; probably suggested by the harpy-episode in the Third Book of *Æneid.*

IV. i. 60. '*fetches,*' so Ff. an archaic and provincial form; Camb. Ed. '*vetches.*'

IV. i. 64. '*pioned and twilled*'; various emendations have been suggested for these difficult words of the folio:—'peonied and lilied,' 'tullip'd,' 'tilled,' etc. It is noted that 'piony' is an old spelling of 'peony,' and that the flower was formerly spoken of as 'the mayden piony' and 'virgin peonie.' In all probability the meaning of the words has not yet been discovered; they are evidently technical terms of horticulture. (*Cp.* Glossary.)

A harpy carrying away a lady, from a bas-relief on an ancient tomb preserved in the British Museum.

IV. i. 110. Mr. Wright suggests that '*earths*' should be read as a dissyllable, '*earthes*'; this suggestion has been adopted in the present text; the second, third, and fourth folios read '*and*' before 'foison.'

IV. i. 123. '*So rare a wonder'd father and a wise*'; some few copies of the first folio are said to read '*wife*' (a reading independently suggested by Rowe): the harsh change has little to commend itself.

IV. i. 147, etc. In *The Tragedy of Darius,* by William Alexander, afterwards Earl of Sterling, published in the year 1603, occurs the following passage, which, according to Steevens, may have been the original of Shakespeare's Speech:—

"Let greatnesse of her glascie scepters vaunt:
Not scepters, no but reeds, soone bruis'd, soone broken:
And let this worldlie pomp our wits inchant.
All fades, and scarcelie leaues behind a token.
Those golden palaces, those gorgeous halles,
With fourniture superfluouslie faire:
Those statelie courts, those sky-encountering walles
Evanish all like vapours in the aire."

IV. i. 193. The folios read '*hang on them.*'

IV. i. 221. '*O King Stephano; O peer!*' an illusion to the old song, often referred to in Elizabethan literature, "Take thy old cloak about thee":—

> "King Stephen was a worthy peere,
> His breeches cost him but a crowne,
> He held them sixpence all to deere;
> Therefore he called the taylor Lowne."

The ballad is printed in Percy's *Reliques;* Shakespeare quotes it also in *Othello,* II. iii. 92.

IV. i. 231. '*Let's alone*'; some verb of motion must be understood, *i.e.* 'let us go alone' (leaving Trinculo behind); '*alone*' is possibly an error of the folios for '*along,*' as suggested by Theobald.

IV. i. 237. "An allusion to what often happens to people who pass the line. The violent fevers which they contract in that hot climate make them lose their hair."—STEEVENS.

IV. i. 264. '*lies*' (probably correctly, the verb preceding the plural noun), so Ff.; Camb. Ed. '*lie.*'

V. i. 23, 24. The first and second folios place a comma after '*sharply,*' making '*passion*' a verb; the comma is omitted in the third and fourth folios.

V. i. 39. '*mushrumps*' (the old form of the word), so Ff.; Camb. and Mod. Edd. '*mushrooms.*'

V. i. 309. '*beloved,*' trisyllabic; Ff. '*belov'd.*'

Explanatory Notes.

The Explanatory Notes in this edition have been specially selected and adapted, with emendations after the latest and best authorities, from the most eminent Shakespearian scholars and commentators, including Johnson, Malone, Steevens, Singer, Dyce, Hudson, White, Furness, Dowden, and others. This method, here introduced for the first time, provides the best annotation of Shakespeare ever embraced in a single edition.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

[*On a ship at sea*] Upon this scene Coleridge finely remarks: "The romance opens with a busy scene admirably appropriate to the kind of drama, and giving, as it were, the keynote to the whole harmony. . . . It is the bustle of a tempest, from which the real horrors are abstracted;—therefore it is poetical, though not in strictness natural—(the distinction to which I have so often alluded)—and is purposely restrained from concentering the interest on itself, but is used merely as an induction or tuning for what is to follow."

10. Act with spirit, behave like men. So 1 *Henry VI.*, I. vi. 16: "When they shall hear how we have play'd the men."

34. Of this order Lord Mulgrave, a sailor critic, says: "The striking the topmast was a new invention in Shakespeare's time, which he here very properly introduces. Shakespeare has placed his ship in the situation in which it was indisputably right to strike the topmast—where he had not sea-room."

35. *Bring her to try with main-course*:—This was apparently a common nautical phrase, meaning to keep as close to the wind as possible. Thus, in Hakluyt's *Voyages*, 1598: "And when the barke had way, we cut the hauser, and so gate the sea to our friend, and *tried out* all that day *with our maine course*." Smith also has the phrase in his *Sea Grammar*, 1627.

48. *unstanched*:—In Beaumont and Fletcher's *Mad Lover*, Chi-

lias says to the Priestess: "Be quiet, and be *stanch* too; no *inundations*."

49. *set her two courses*:—Captain Glascock, a nautical critic, says: "The ship's head is to be put leeward, and the vessel to be drawn off the land under that canvas nautically denominated the two courses." Holt says: "The courses meant are two of the three lowest and largest sails of a ship, so called because they contribute most to give her way through the water, and thus enable her to feel the helm, and steer her *course* better than when they are not *set* or spread to the wind." *To lay a ship a-hold*, is to bring her to lie as near the wind as she can, in order to keep clear of the land, and get her out to sea.

70. Lord Mulgrave declares that the Poet must either have drawn his technical knowledge of seamanship from accurate personal observation, or else have had a remarkable power of applying the information gained from others. And he thinks Shakespeare must have conversed with some of the best seamen of the time, as "no books had then been published on the subject." Lord Mulgrave exhibits the ship in five positions, and shows how truly these are represented by the words of the dialogue, and says: "The succession of events is strictly observed in the natural progress of the distress described; the expedients adopted are the most proper that could have been devised for a chance of safety: . . . the words of command are not only strictly proper, but are only such as point the object to be attained, and no superfluous ones of detail. Shakespeare's ship was too well manned to make it necessary to tell the seamen how they were to do it, as well as what they were to do."

Scene II.

19. *more better*:—The doubling of comparatives is frequent among writers of Shakespeare's time.

25. *Lie there, my art*:—"Lord Burleigh," says Fuller (*Holy State*, iv. 6), "when he put off his gown at night, used to say, 'Lie there, Lord Treasurer.'"

50. *abysm*:—An old form of *abyss*; from the old French *abisme*.

81. *To trash for over-topping*:—To check the overgrowth. A hunting-term which meant to check or hamper a dog so that he would not *overtop* or outrun the pack. A *trash* was a halter fastened to a dog's neck and dragging on the ground. "*Who*

to trash" accords with the grammatical usage of Shakespeare's day.

92. *O'er-prized all popular rate*:—The meaning seems to be, "Which would have exceeded all popular estimate, but that it withdrew me from my public duties"; as if he were sensible of his error in getting so "rapt in secret studies" as to leave the state a prey to violence and usurpation.

97. *sans bound*:—Without limit. "A general combination," says Nares, "seems to have subsisted, among all our poets, to introduce this French word, certainly very convenient for their verse, into the English language; but in vain; the country never received it, and it has always appeared as an exotic, even though the elder poets Anglicized its form into *saunce*, or gave it the English pronunciation." In *As You Like It* (II. vii. 166) *sans* occurs four times in a single line.

155. *deck'd*:—Some good editors think this should be *degg'd*, a provincial word, as explained in Carr's *Glossary*, and in several others, for *sprinkle*. Dyce regards *deck'd* as a form, perhaps a corruption, of *degg'd*—a word still used in the north of England for *to sprinkle*. This sense is so much better than either of the others, that we cannot help thinking it the right one.

190-192. *To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly*, etc.:—Fletcher's imitation of this passage in *The Faithful Shepherdess*, is thus quoted by Henley:—

> "Tell me, sweetest,
> What new service now is meetest
> For the satyre; shall I stray
> In the middle ayre, and stay
> The sailing rack, or nimbly take
> Hold by the moone, and gently make
> Suit to the pale queene of night,
> For a beame to give thee light?
> Shall I dive into the sea,
> And bring thee coral, making way
> Through the rising waves," etc.

194. *to point*:—To the minutest detail; exactly; like the French *à point*.

200. *distinctly*:—That is separately, in different places at once. To quote from the account of Robert Tomson's voyage, 1555: "This light continued aboard our ship about three hours, flying from mast to mast, and from top to top; and sometimes it would

be in two or three places at once." This is a description of the electrical phenomenon known as "Saint Elmo's fire"—"a certain little light, much like unto the light of a little candle, which the Spaniards call the *corpos sancto*. Shakespeare may have been thinking of this.

209. *fever of the mad*:—Such a fever as madmen feel when the frantic fit is on them.

229. "The epithet here applied to the Bermudas," says Henley, "will be best understood by those who have seen the chafing of the sea over the rugged rocks by which they are surrounded, and which render access to them so dangerous." It was then the current opinion that the Bermudas were inhabited by monsters and devils.

326. *urchins*:—Fairies of a particular class. Hedgehogs were also called *urchins*; and it is probable that the sprites were so named, because they were of a mischievous kind, the *urchin* being anciently deemed a very noxious animal.

327. *that vast of night*:—So in *Hamlet*, I. ii. 198: "In the dead *vast* and middle of the night"; meaning the silent void or vacancy of night, when spirits were anciently supposed to walk abroad on errands of love, or sport, or mischief.

370. As *ache* used to be pronounced like the letter *h*, the plural *aches*, was a dissyllable, as it is here required to be by the measure. Of this there are many examples in the old writers. A clamour was raised among the critics against John Kemble for pronouncing the word thus on the stage. See, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, IV. vii. 7, 8: "I had a wound here that was like a T, but now 'tis made an H."

373. *Setebos*:—The name of an American god, or rather devil, worshiped by the Patagonians. In Eden's *History of Travaile*, 1577, is an account of Magellan's voyage to the South Pole, containing a description of this god and his worshipers, wherein the author says: "When they felt the shackles fast about their legs, they began to doubt; but the captain did put them in comfort and bade them stand still. In fine, when they saw how they were deceived, they roared like bulls, and cryed upon their *great devil Setebos*, to help them." White mentions this allusion as "another evidence that Shakespeare had been reading books of American discovery before he wrote this play."

378, 379. *kiss'd The wild waves whist*:—That is, kissed or soothed the raging waves into silence or stillness. This is a delicate touch of poetry that is quite lost, as the passage is

usually printed; the line, *The wild waves whist*, being made parenthetical, and that too without any authority from the original.

427. *maid*:—Ferdinand has already spoken of Miranda as a goddess; he now asks if she be a mortal; not a celestial being, but a maiden. Of course her answer is to be taken in the same sense as his question.

443. *done yourself some wrong*:—Done wrong to your character, in claiming to be King of Naples.

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

55. *an eye of green*:—A *tinge* or shade of green. So in Sandy's *Travels*: "Cloth of silver, tissued with an *eye* of green"; and Bayle says, "Red with an *eye* of blue."

87. *the miraculous harp*:—An allusion to the myth of Amphion, King of Thebes, a great musician, to whom the god Mercury gave a lyre, wherewith the King charmed the stones and thus made them take their places in the walls of the city. To the building of the walls by the power of music, Wordsworth has this reference:—

> "The gift to King Amphion,
> That wall'd a city with its melody."

126, 127. *your eye, Who*:—The meaning of this will probably appear if *who* be understood as referring to *eye*. *Who* and *which* were often used indiscriminately of persons and things.

143. *Had I plantation of this isle*:—That is, had I the colonization, not the planting, of this isle. See Bacon's Essay *Of Plantations*. Some editors, even of a recent day, have so misunderstood this expression as to give, "Had I *a* plantation," etc.; and in the French translation the word is rendered *defricher*, a purely agricultural term, meaning, to clear, to bring under cultivation. Tieck and Schlegel correctly give **pflanzung**, which corresponds exactly to the word of the original in both its significations.

> "for no kind of traffic
> Would I admit; no name of magistrate."

This passage is plainly taken from Montaigne's Essays, in which (Book I. Chap. xxx., *Of the Caniballes*), according to Florio's translation, published in 1603, this passage occurs:—

"It is a nation, would I answere *Plato*, that hath *no kinde of traffike*, no *knowledge of Letters*, no intelligence of numbers, *no name of magistrate*, nor of politike, superioritie; no *use of service, of riches, or of povertie; no contracts, no successions, no dividences; no occupation, but idle;* no respect of kinred, but common; no apparell, but naturall; no manuring of lands; *no use of wine, corn, or mettle.* The very words that import lying, falsehood, *treason*, dissimulation, covetousness, envie, detraction, and pardon were never heard amongst them."

Capell first pointed out the likeness of the two passages. Shakespeare might have read the Essay in the original, but the identity of phrase in the play and the translation indicate the latter as the source of Gonzalo's policy.

266. *A chough*:—A bird of the jackdaw kind.

Scene II.

9. To *mow* is to *make mouths*:—So in Nash's *Pierce Penniless*: "Nobody at home but an ape, that sat in the porch, and made mops and *mows* at him."

12. *Pricks* is the ancient word for *prickles*.

31. *make a man*:—Make a man's fortune; set a man up. Thus in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, IV. ii. 17, 18: "If our sport had gone forward, we had all been *made men*." Also in *Othello*, I. ii. 51: "If it prove lawful prize, he 's *made* forever." "We are all *made men*"; and in the old comedy of *Ram Alley*: "She's a wench was born to *make us all*."

40. A *gaberdine* was a coarse outer garment. "A shepherd's pelt, frock, or *gaberdine*, such a coarse long jacket as our porters wear over the rest of their garments," says Cotgrave. "A kind of rough cassock or frock like an Irish mantle," says Philips.

80. *I will not take too much for him*:—A piece of vulgar irony, meaning, "I'll take as much as I can get."

86. *will give language to you, cat*:—Shakespeare gives his characters appropriate language: "They belch forth proverbs in their drink"; "Good liquor will *make a cat speak*"; and "He who eats with the devil had need of a *long spoon*."

115. *moon-calf*:—An imaginary monster, supposed to be pro-

duced by lunar influence. In Holland's *Pliny* it is described as "a lump of flesh without shape, without life."

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

2. The delight those painful sports give us offsets the labour they call for. So in Macbeth, II. iii. 54: "The labour we delight in physics pain."

72. *what else*:—Whatsoever else.

91. A thousand thousand farewells.

Scene II.

69. *pied ninny*:—Alluding to Trinculo's motley dress; he was a professional fool or jester. See use of *patch* in *Merchant of Venice*, II. v. 46, to the same effect.

133, 134. *the picture of Nobody*:—A common sign, which consisted of a head upon two legs, with arms. There was also a woodcut prefixed to an old play of *Nobody and Somebody*, which represented this personage.

158. *this taborer*:—"You shall heare in the ayre the sound of *tabers and other instruments*, to put the travellers in feare, by evill spirites that makes these soundes, and also do call diverse of the travellers by their names." *Travels of Marcus Paulus*, 1579. To some of these Milton also alludes in *Comus*:—

> "Of calling shapes, and beckoning shadows dire;
> And aery tongues that syllable men's names
> On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses."

Scene III.

1. *By 'r lakin* is a contraction of *by our ladykin*, the diminutive of *our Lady*.

21. Shows, called *Drolleries*, were in Shakespeare's time performed by puppets only. *A living drollery* is therefore a drollery not by wooden but by living personages.

23. *one tree, the phœnix' throne*, etc.:—Shakespeare and others

of the old poets frequently refer to the phœnix. In Holland's translation of Pliny's *Natural History* is this passage: "I myself have heard strange things of this kind of tree; namely, in regard of the bird Phœnix . . . for it was assured unto me, that the said bird died with that tree, and revived of itself as the tree sprung again." And Lyly, in his *Euphues*, says: "As there is but one phœnix in the world, so there is but one tree in Arabia wherein she buildeth."

86, 87. *with good life And observation strange*:—Johnson says: "*With good life* may mean 'with exact presentation of their several characters,' *with observation strange* 'of their particular and distinct parts.' So we say, 'he acted to the life.'" To Hudson the explanation seems to be: "With all the truth of life itself, and with rare observance of the proprieties of action."

105. *Like poison*, etc.:—The natives of Africa have been supposed to possess the secret how to temper poisons with such art as not to operate till several years after they were administered.

108. Shakespeare uses *ecstasy* for any alienation of mind, a fit, or madness. In Shakespeare, as Nares observes, *ecstasy* "stands for every species of" such mental affection, "whether temporary or permanent, proceeding from joy, sorrow, wonder, or any other exciting cause."

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

15. *virgin-knot*:—An allusion to the zone or sacred girdle worn by maidens in classical times as the symbol and safeguard of chastity before marriage. This girdle was untied by the husband at the wedding.

64. *pioned and twilled brims*:—Dr. Johnson gives piony as another form for *peony*. Milton, whose poetical language is so much allied to Shakespeare's as often to afford a good comment upon him, has in his *Arcades* the line, "By sandy Ladon's lilied banks"; which, as Warton says, is "an authority for reading *lilied* instead of *twilled* in a verse of *The Tempest*"; and he adds, "*lilied* seems to have been no uncommon epithet for the banks of a river." White and Rolfe prefer *lilied*; Hudson (Harvard ed.) has *peoned and twilled*. The Cambridge editors, following

the old text, are supported, in respect to their interpretation of *twilled* ("covered with reeds or sedges") by a writer in *The Edinburgh Review*, October, 1872, quoted by Hudson: '*Twills* is given by Halliwell as an old provincial word for *reeds*; and it was applied, like *quills*, to the serried rustling sedges of river reaches and marshy levels. It was indeed while watching the masses of waving sedge cutting the water-line of the Avon, not far from Stratford church, that we first felt the peculiar force and significance of the epithet."

81. *Bosky acres* are *woody* fields intersected by luxuriant hedge-rows and copses.

119. *Harmonious charmingly* is charmingly harmonious.

123. *So rare a wonder'd father,* etc.:—A father able to produce such wonders.

130. *crisp channels*:—*Crisp* means *curled* from the curl made by a breeze on the surface of the water. So in 1 *King Henry IV.*, I. iii. 106, it is that the river Severn "hid his *crisp* head in the hollow bank."

155. *faded*:—From the Latin *vado*: it means *vanished.*

156. *rack*:—According to Bacon, in his *Silva Silvarum*, this word was used of the highest and therefore thinnest or lightest clouds: "The winds in the upper regions (which move the *clouds* above, which we call the *rack*, and are not perceived below) pass without noise.

166. *to meet with*:—This was anciently the same as to *counteract*, or *oppose*. So in Herbert's *Country Parson*: "He knows the temper and pulse of every one in his house, and accordingly either *meets with* their vices, or advanceth their virtues."

187. *stale*:—In the art of fowling, this term signified a *bait* or *lure* to decoy birds.

262. *Pard* was a common term for leopard, and likewise for *panther*. *Cat o' mountain* probably means *wildcat.*

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

33. *Ye elves,* etc.:—This speech is in some measure borrowed from Medea's, in the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid (book vii.). The expressions are, many of them, in the old translation by Gold-

ing. But the exquisite fairy imagery is Shakespeare's own. The following passages are interesting for comparison:—

"Ye ayres and windes, ye *elves of hills, of brookes, of woodes* alone,
Of standing lakes, and of the night, approche ye everych one,
Through help of whom (the crooked bankes much wondering at the thing)
I have compelled streames to run clean backward to their spring.
By charmes I make the calm seas rough, and make the rough seas playne,
And cover all the skie with clouds, and chase them thence again;
By charmes *I raise and lay the windes,* and burst the viper's jaw,
And from the bowels of the earth both stones and trees do draw;
Whole woodes and forrests I remoue, *I make the mountains shake,*
And even the earth itself to groan and fearfully to quake.
I call up dead men from their graves, and thee, O lightsome moone,
I darken oft, though beaten brass abate thy peril soone;
Our sorcerie dimmes the morning faire, and *darks the sun at noone.*
The flaming breath of fierie bulles ye quenched for my sake,
And caused their unwieldy neckes the bended yoke to take.
Among the earth-bred brothers you a *mortal warre did set,*
And brought asleep the dragon fell, whose eyes were never shet."

37. *green sour ringlets*:—Circles on the grass formerly supposed to have been made by elves dancing in a ring by night; "fairy rings"; now explained as circular growths of fungi in the fields.

41. *Weak masters*:—The usual explanation is, weak if left to themselves, because wasting their power, but strong as auxiliaries, or when wisely guided to good ends. Jephson, however, interprets in a different manner, by some preferred. He says that "*masters* is only used ironically, as a term of slight contempt." Others think that the "irony" is not contemptuous, but "affectionate."

60. *boil'd*:—That is, *boiling, seething.* So in *The Winter's Tale,* III. iii. 64, 65: "these *boiled* brains of nineteen and two-and-twenty." Again, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream,* V. i. 4: "Lov-

ers and madmen have such *seething* brains." See also *Twelfth Night,* II. v. 3.

91, 92. Ariel uses "the bat's back" as his vehicle, to pursue summer in its progress round the world, and thus live merrily under continual blossoms. This appears the most natural as well as the most poetical meaning of this much disputed passage. As a matter of fact, however, bats do not migrate in quest of summer, but become torpid in winter. Was the Poet ignorant of this, or did he disregard it, thinking that such beings as Ariel were not bound to observe the rules of natural history?

124. *subtilties*:—Quaint deceptive inventions; the word is common to ancient cookery, in which a disguised or ornamented dish is so termed.

145. *As great to me as late*:—As great as it is recent. Some have, "As great to me, as late," and explain: "As great to me, *and* as recent."

244. *conduct*:—Conductor or guide. Frequently so in Shakespeare.

246. *beating on*:—There is a similar expression now in use: "Still *hammering* at it."

269-271. *one so strong . . . power*:—Hudson explains, one "who could outdo the Moon in exercising the Moon's own command." *Without her power* is *beyond,* etc. So often.

EPILOGUE.

9, 10. *release me . . . hands*:—That is, by the clapping of your hands. Noise was supposed to dissolve spells or enchantments. Thus before in this play—IV. i. 126, 127: "hush, and be mute, or else our *spell is marr'd.*" Students of the English Drama are familiar with the fact that its Prologues and Epilogues are generally written by other persons than the authors of the plays. Shakespeare's is no exception to this general rule, and it is White's opinion that this Epilogue, although appearing in the Folio, was certainly not written by the author of *The Tempest.* It is enough only to note the poor and commonplace thoughts and the miserable and eminently un-Shakespearian rhythm. It now seems plain to nearly all Shakespearians that this Epilogue was written for the theatre by some person other than Shakespeare. As Hudson remarks, "The whole texture and grain of the thing are altogether unlike him." Other Epilogues which appear not to have been written by Shakespeare are that to *2 Henry IV.* and that to *Henry VIII.*

Questions on The Tempest.

1. Where did the plot of *The Tempest* originate? Where did Shakespeare probably find materials?

ACT FIRST.

2. Where is the scene of the drama laid?

3. What has been said of the seamanship displayed in Sc. i.? If it was without defect, to what are we to attribute the shipwreck?

4. With what petition does Miranda first appear? What fears fill her mind? What sense of pity?

5. What reassurance does she get from Prospero? What hint do we derive as to the intent of the play?

6. What foreshadowing is there in the statement that the long-delayed revelations Prospero should make to Miranda were demanded by the very minute?

7. Give in outline the story of Prospero's misfortunes which he recounts to Miranda. How differently does the influence of a woman show in *The Tempest* and in *Hamlet*?

8. What quality has Miranda that Prospero lacks? What quality has Prospero that is lacking in Miranda?

9. What reason does Prospero give for raising the storm? What justification of his reason? What parallelism do you find in *Hamlet*?

10. What is the agency that Prospero employs to work enchantment? What is enchantment? What does Ariel report of his doings with the ship and mariners?

11. In what material forms does Ariel appear? What was the history of Ariel previous to Prospero's advent upon the island? With what injunction is he dismissed from the first interview?

12. Who was Sycorax? Caliban? How is Caliban described?

13. What traits does Caliban display? Has knowledge been a benefit to him? Does Prospero seem unnecessarily harsh to him?

14. How is Ferdinand introduced? What is Miranda's first impression of him?

15. What is Ferdinand's impression of Miranda and of Prospero?

16. What precipitate action does Prospero wish to forestall? What is his reason for so wishing?

17. Does Prospero's power of enchantment extend over other than physical nature?

18. What is to be the episode of this play? What its enveloping atmosphere?

19. State the human emotions that will play a part.

ACT SECOND.

20. Who are the members of the King's train? What traits similar to Polonius does Gonzalo possess?

21. What spirit seems to animate this group? Which of them have the more biting wit?

22. What manifestations of Prospero's power do this group first observe?

23. What backward glance over events is given that is necessary to account for the presence of the shipwrecked party on the island?

24. What attitude does Sebastian show towards the griefs of Alonso? Is there here any foreshadowing of future events?

25. What were the nature and source of the ideal commonwealth that Gonzalo describes? Does Shakespeare introduce this passage as a satire on current ideas of his era? May it be said to have a purpose in harmony with the imaginative character of the play?

26. Is there any reason to believe that Prospero abstained from exercising his power of enchantment over Sebastian and Antonio?

27. Do you think it is at Prospero's suggestion that the two men plot? What does Ariel's speech on re-entrance imply?

28. What moral quality does imagination overcome in this plotting?

29. How are the purposes of Antonio and Sebastian thwarted?

30. What quality of mind does Caliban display in his speech recounting his sufferings? From the dramatist's view-point is there any spirit of caricature here?

31. What are some of Trinculo's satirical comments on Caliban? Are they capable of wider application?

32. Why does Caliban fear torment from Trinculo and Stephano? What character of mind does he display in his quick change from fear to worship?

33. What types are brought in vivid contrast in Caliban, Trinculo, and Stephano? Who shows to highest advantage? Why does Caliban speak in blank verse and the others in prose?

34. Could Caliban ever be otherwise than under subjection to some one? What is the freedom he praises contrasted with that Ariel desires? What is the satirical import of this scene?

ACT THIRD.

35. What purpose had Prospero in giving the laborious work to Ferdinand?

36. How does Miranda show her sympathetic nature? What does it bring out in Ferdinand?

37. Interpret lines 31, 32: *Poor worm, thou art infected! This visitation shows it.* Is Prospero's love for his daughter or for his art paramount here?

38. Is Miranda less charming for being so purely feminine? Is it not the temptation of most novelists in picturing a woman, educated in ignorance of other women, to make them sexless creations?

39. Compare this scene with the balcony scene of *Romeo and Juliet*. Show how one is idyllic and the other romantic.

40. What satirical foreshowing of the plot to kill Prospero does Trinculo utter in the beginning of Sc. ii.? Who proposes the plot?

41. Why does Ariel try to instigate quarrels among the plotters?

42. What does Caliban say about Prospero's books? About Miranda? Are his perceptions of the worth of books and of women consonant with his brutish nature? Would he use them to improve himself or degrade them to exalt himself?

43. To which of the party does the weariness still cling as shown by Sc. iii.?

44. What is the effect of the apparition on Sebastian and Antonio? Which are the three addressed by Ariel?

45. Prospero has accomplished his end of bringing his enemies into his power; does this mark the climax of the drama?

46. How does the charm affect each?

47. Summarize Act III. and show how imagination triumphs over all other powers.

ACT FOURTH.

48. How does Prospero release Ferdinand from bondage?

49. Is Ariel possessed of moral qualities?

50. What part of the pageant is foreshadowed in the repeated warning of Prospero (line 50)?

51. What does the pageant celebrate? What classical figures take part? Over what part of nature does each exercise a function?

52. What interruption does the pageant suffer? How does Prospero moralize when he has dissolved it?

53. What feeling is uppermost in his mind over the facts that have caused the sudden dissolution of the play?

54. What has happened to Caliban and his fellow plotters since we saw them last?

55. Of whom does Prospero speak, line 188 *et seq.*? How is he affected by the failure of his efforts "humanely taken"?

56. What is the bait laid out to catch the plotters? How does Caliban show superior mentality in this crisis?

57. What agencies does Prospero employ to punish them? How does this contrast with the punishment laid on the King's train? What is the symbolical purport of these punishments?

58. Show how this Act is an exponent of poetic justice.

ACT FIFTH.

59. Does Prospero feel exaltation through the success of his charms? Why should Ariel have to suggest to him the need of human qualities?

60. To what state does Prospero say that his charms are designed to bring the sinners?

61. Why does Prospero feel even *so potent art* as he possesses insufficient for himself, so that he will break his staff and bury his book?

62. Does Prospero's forgiveness come before any show of penitence on the part of the sinners?

63. What detachment from human interests does Ariel show at the supreme moral moment in the lives of the sinners?

64. What state of mind does Gonzalo show on being released from the spell?

65. What special forgiveness does Prospero extend to Sebastian and Antonio?

66. How is the current of action turned to coincide with the love story of the play?

67. What is the significance of the game of chess?

68. Of what nature is Miranda's impression of the world? Show how Miranda's view of mankind is completed by Hamlet's *What a piece of work is man,* etc.

69. How does the reasoning of Gonzalo, *206 et seq.*, resemble Polonius?

70. What quality at variance with the general tenor of the play does the Boatswain's tale introduce? What dramatic effect is hereby produced?

71. How does Alonso attempt a solution of the mysteries presented? How does Prospero reassure him? How does Alonso typify the untutored mind?

72. What humorous topsy-turvy does Stephano show? Compare Caliban's exclamation on seeing the King's party with Miranda's. Is Caliban's admiration unalloyed?

73. What have Sebastian and Antonio said after being brought out of the spell? What profound observation of human nature has Shakespeare shown in depicting the different states of mind of the King's party after they have met with deliverance by an overruling Providence?

74. What is Caliban's departing reflection?

75. Why does Ariel say nothing as he is dismissed?

76. What graceful compliment does Prospero make to the audience in the Epilogue?

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77. How do you reconcile Prospero's ascendancy in the play with his weakness as administrator of his dukedom? Has he gained perfect mastery of himself? Mention two instances where his old habit nearly caused grave disasters.

78. Contrast the motives that actuate Caliban, Ariel, and Ferdinand in their labors for Prospero? Is there pleasure in work itself to any of them?

79. As a father, compare and contrast Prospero with Lear, Shylock, Frederick (*As You Like It*).

80. May Miranda be called a character? Of what moral qualities is she sensible?

81. How is the disparity of female characters in the play partially supplemented by suggestion?

82. How does Ferdinand compare with Romeo, Florizel, Lucio?

83. Summarize the elements that go to make up Caliban. What had been Prospero's relation to him? What changes had this relation made in him? Was the possession of the island left to Caliban?

84. What elements compose Ariel? What sympathy does nature show for him?

85. What is the function of music in this play?

86. In the various stages of the action, what use is made of the dramatic element of contrast?

87. If Providence has for its function the exercise of mercy and judgement, show how Providence through the agency of enchantment is the ruling motif of this play.

88. What saves the play from anti-climax after Prospero renounces enchantment?

89. What supreme flights of poetry does this play contain?